In This Issue

VOLUME 152 MAY 8, 1929 NUMBER 2

Looking Forward 43

Frontispiece: Broad Street, New York 44
A Lithograph by ADRIAAN LUBBERS

Articles

By-Products of the Bull Market 45
By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

Emotional America 48
By IRA S. WILE, M. D. AND MARY DAY WINN

Is Montparnasse "Doomed"? . 50
By T. R. YBARRA

As the Filipino Sees It . . 51
By WALTER ROBB

Financial Article 62
"Business as Usual"
By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

Beethoven: A Biography . . 63
Fourth Installment
By ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

The Trend of Events

"Obscenity" Brands 54
Juries of Judges 54
Ethics of Advertising . . . 54
Scrapping Armaments . . . 55
Sour Overtones 55
Five Clean-Ups 56
Respect for Law 56
Tammany's Chief 56
The "Stunters" 57
Transchannel Glide 57
Air Lines Multiply 57
Debenture Farm Plan . . . 58
Speaking of Talking . . . 58
National Origins Plan . . . 58
In Brief 58
The Week's Press Opinion . . 59
Back Stage in Washington . . 60

Editorial

Discipline and Freedom . . 61
By A. G. KELLER

The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books 68
Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS
Reviews by THE EDITOR, STEWART BEACH AND E. M. BENSON

The Child and Race Feeling . 70
By EDWARD T. DEVINE

Picked at Random 78
By WALTER R. BROOKS

The Theatre 72
By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

The Movies 73
By A. M. SHERWOOD, JR.

Ivory, Apes and Peacocks . . 74
By W. R. BROOKS

From the Life 75
By IBBY HALL

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The Outlook and Independent is indexed in the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature

THE OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT, May 8, 1929. Volume 152, Number 2. Published weekly by The Outlook Company at 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscription price $5.00 a year. Single copies 15 cents each. Foreign subscription to countries in the Postal Union, $6.56. Entered as second-class matter July 21, 1893, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and July 20, 1928, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1929, by The Outlook Company.

Looking Forward

IN OUR VIEW, few criteria in life are fairer than the ancient dictum: A man is judged by the company he keeps. For like does attract like, and in the end a man finds his own people.

THERE IS, nevertheless, a school of magazine publishing which does not believe this, but pins its faith on its ability to discover what other people like—and to deliver it to them; regardless of a personal belief or disbelief in it.

ESSENTIALLY, such a course is politic rather than sincere, and tactful instead of honest. Party platforms are usually built upon such a philosophy and elections won by taking it into consideration. Many other popular enterprises, so it is claimed, owe their success to the degree to which their sponsors take heed of such a conviction.

IN EDITING a magazine of inquiry, such a course results, usually, in the creation of a mythical Subscriber; whose sensibilities are of the tenderest, and whose entire life and convictions may be shattered and destroyed by a single paragraph or article. Regardless of the fact that nobody who reads the magazine is actually such a timid, weak kneed creature, whatever subjects the editors fear to discuss is instantly converted into one which this Subscriber will not relish. And so trenchant statement and interesting personality depart, and "blah" arrives.

IN OUR VIEW, the difference between a political convention and a magazine worth its salt is that the political convention necessarily deals with what is popular and therefore practical; while your magazine deals with what is intellectually honest and true, interesting and significant.

IN OUR OWN CASE we do not invite to our pages men and women who are merely politic and tactful; we ask also that they be intellectually sincere and therefore interesting. As for agreeing in *toto* with everything they say—well, complete agreement with another human mind, we are given to understand by the philosophers, is stupidity or death.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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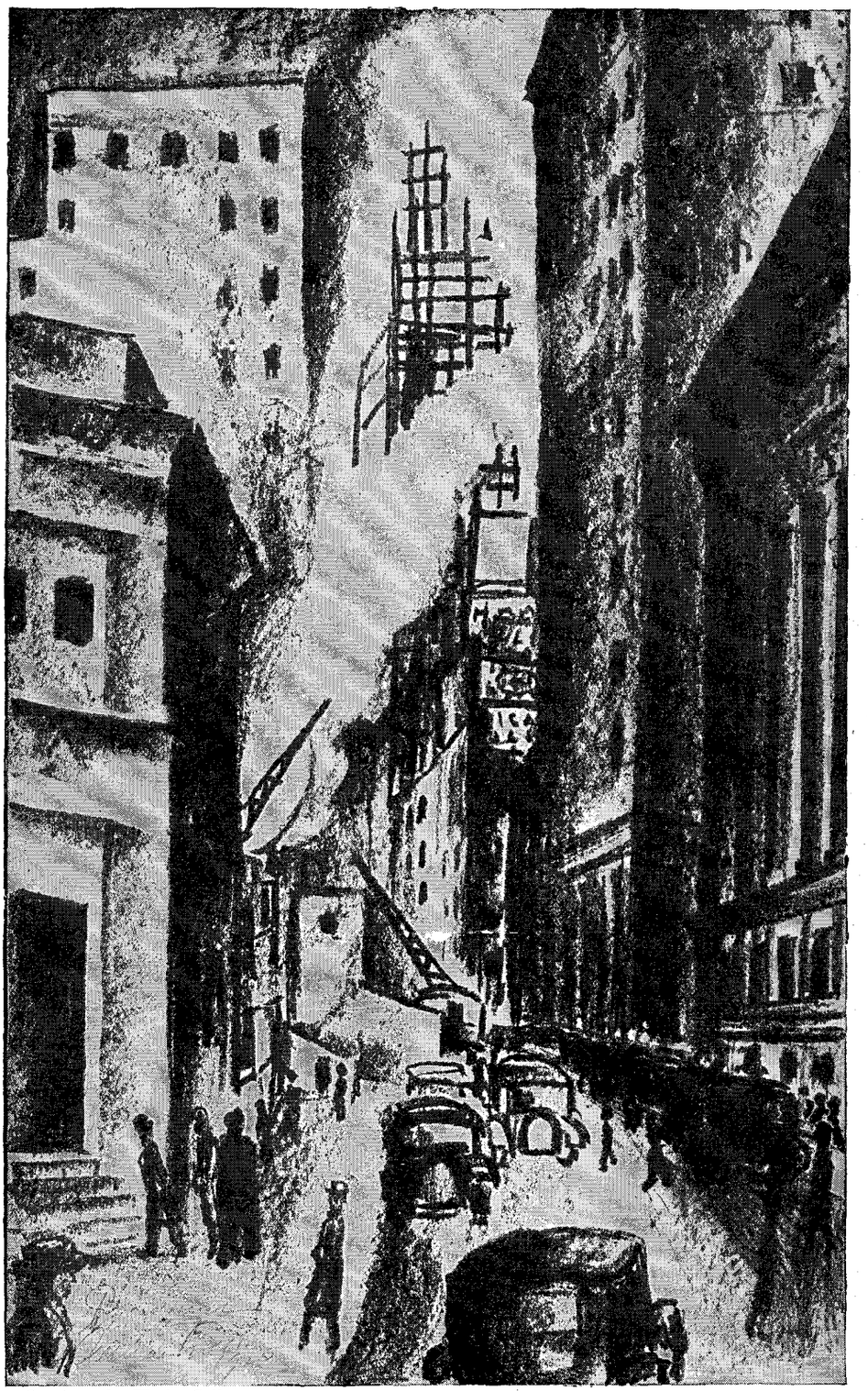

Courtesy the Weyhe Gallery

BROAD STREET, NEW YORK

A lithograph by Adriaan Lubbers

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Outlook
and Independent
May 8, 1929

By-Products of the Bull Market

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

The time is at hand when it is possible to gauge some of the consequences of the countrywide invasion of the stock exchange. The nineteen by-products listed here are of so varied a character that the bull market may be said to have speeded up the whole process of social evolution. Mr. Scroggs is a member of the editorial staff of the New York "World," specializing in economic subjects

FOR five years the American people have been watching Wall Street and the stock market with a growing interest, and they have not been content merely to sit and watch. Instead, they have been participating on a steadily increasing scale in the market's operations. Before 1924 the transfer of a million shares on the New York Stock Exchange was regarded as a good day's business; at present, if transactions fall below four million shares, the Street complains of a dull day. On lively days sales have run up to six, seven, and even eight million shares.

This enormous expansion in speculative activity means much more than bigger and better business for the stock brokers; nor are its effects to be measured solely in terms of profit or loss to the individual trader. When the full story is finally told it will probably show that the greatest bull market in history has affected the habits, the standards, and the mental reactions of a goodly number of Americans nearly as much as it has affected their income tax returns. We are still too close to events to view them in their right perspective, but it is already possible to discern certain fairly well defined by-products of this amazing rise in the prices of stocks.

One of the most noticeable by-products is the sudden spread of a veneer of financial knowledge over the country. Five years ago such expressions as stock split-ups, rights, convertible issues, odd lots, rediscount rates, and brokers' loans would have been just so much Greek in homes where they are now topics of dinner-table conversation. And not every one who tries his luck with the market does so merely on somebody's word that a certain stock is going to advance. The sections of the public libraries where Poor's and Moody's Manuals are kept for reference are busy spots these days. One may note, too, the piles of financial periodicals placed on the news stands in response to this new demand for information about securities. Probably much of the knowledge thus acquired is superficial, but, when a balance is finally struck, it will be found that the country has been taking a home-study course in modern business.

Along with its informative function the market has been a potent factor in the development of further like-mindedness among the American people. If General Motors, Radio, and Fox Films have done much to standardize our recreations, the securities of these and other companies have supplemented this activity by furnishing another form of standardized sport—the sport which whole armies now share every day by following the stock quotations. When thousands of people put their spare cash into United States Steel a common interest is pretty sure to guide their feelings.

The spread of the speculative mania has unquestionably brought certain changes in our moral concepts. The fact that so many of us balk at using the term "gambling craze" to describe what is going on throughout the country is an indication of the changing point of view. Until quite recently there was little difference in the minds of most people between speculation and gambling. Today the distinction is stoutly insisted upon. The removal of the taboo from practices which seem to accord with our material interests is no new or strange thing in human history; but whether we should call it in this case a lowering of moral standards or a readjustment of social values to meet new conditions will depend on the particular brand of philosophy to which we adhere. At any rate, the changing point of view, whether for better or worse, is a palpable fact.

WITH THE development of a new interest in securities there has come also a greater degree of political conservatism. A thousand dollars drawing interest at 6 per cent has been cynically suggested as a cure-all for radicalism, but, for cultivating a profound reverence for the status quo, that suggestion does not begin to compare with a 30-point rise in the stock-market average when the public is "long" on the speculative favorites. This means a more friendly attitude toward Wall Street and Big Business, which have in large measure ceased to be regarded as exploiters and have become fountains from which rich blessings flow.

The rise in stocks has not been a boon to everybody; to that profession whose members are commonly known as "blue-sky artists" it has helped to bring disaster. According to District At-

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torney Banton of New York, these gentry have taken a billion dollars from the American people since the War. During the first five years after the Armistice they had smooth sailing. Nearly everybody owned Liberty bonds, and it was not difficult to persuade school teachers, small tradesmen, farmers, and other poor but honest folk to swap their gilt-edged Government issues for the stocks of mining and oil companies with imposing names and great promise, but with little else. The work of the Better Business Bureaus in various cities has done much to check the indiscriminate buying of securities from persuasive solicitors, but an equally effective deterrent has been the public's discovery that there are places where seasoned issues can be bought or sold on a moment's notice, where the buyer can keep constant watch on the market value of his holdings, and where until recently it has required something like genius to lose money.

ANOTHER GROUP which has got cold comfort out of the bull market is the bucket-shop fraternity. They also were active a few years ago, but their halcyon days are over. A bucket-shop operator rarely executes his customers' orders, but usually plays the market against them so that they will lose on their imagined purchases. As his clients, like all newcomers in the market, almost invariably buy for a rise, it is obvious that his business is profitable only when the market has a downward trend. The persistent rise in stock prices, therefore, has been a useful supplement to the efforts of the New York Stock Exchange and the public authorities to suppress bucketeering.

Although the bull market has dealt the bucket-shops and the blue-sky salesmen a body blow, it has provided another parasitic group with a new means of livelihood. These are the producers of tipster sheets, who prosper on the credulity of a horde of inexperienced speculators. The tipster, unlike the reputable investment services, makes no careful analysis of the equities behind a stock or of the various internal and external conditions which may affect the course of the market. His clientele wishes to know what stocks are going up, and when, and how much. That such facts are beyond the knowledge of mortals worries the tipster not at all. He manufactures his own "facts" and passes them along to any one foolish enough to pay for them. Occasionally these soothsayers go so far as to predict not only what will happen each day but even to time the event to the hour. "Watch for the break around 2.30 in all classes, with little recovery to close" is the pretentious warning which one "dope sheet" carries for a certain date. Many tipsters have been exposed, and some have been suppressed; but as these disappear others spring up to take their places.

QUITE NATURALLY, the sharp rise in the price of stocks has diverted the interest of investors from bonds to shares. While stocks have been soaring to successive new peaks, bonds have been sagging. Within the past year the average price of forty high-grade bonds has dropped about 6 per cent, whereas on March 1, 1929, when the stock market made its highest record, the price of fifty representative stocks on the New York Exchange stood 45 per cent above their low point of 1928, reached about twelve months before. Two years ago bond houses were finding it hard to supply the demands of their customers for good issues, but today their salesmen are finding it hard to keep busy. One cannot help wondering if the ambition of popular undergraduates to become New York bond salesmen is as keen as it used to be.

This change in the attitude of the public toward stocks has reacted on the financial policies of many corporations. A few years ago so large a proportion of corporate financing took the form of bond issues that fears were sometimes expressed that the growing volume of fixed charges might prove an element of weakness in the event of business depression. There seems to be no cause for further apprehension on that score. In 1927 the proportion of bond to stock flotations in the New York market was roughly 2½ to 1; in 1928 it was 1 to 1; and in the first two months of 1929 it fell to 1 to 2. Such important corporations as United States Steel and Anaconda Copper have taken advantage of the present partiality to stocks to retire their bonds and issue common stock in their stead.

Another effect of the bull market on corporate financial policies is seen in the huge expansion of brokers' loans. Corporations are playing a rôle which was once regarded as the peculiar prerogative of bankers. They are lending billions to brokers on stock market collateral. Once they were content with the 2 per cent which banks paid them on their surplus cash, but one day an inquisitive director asked why his company should not get the high rate on call money instead of leaving that source of profit to its bank. No one could offer a convincing reason why it shouldn't; so the bank was instructed to lend the money on call for the company's account. Other concerns were quick to learn the new trick, and the result is seen in the growth of brokers' loans by banks belonging to the Federal Reserve System "for the account of others" (mainly corporations) from less than a billion at the beginning of 1928 to nearly three billions in March, 1929.

The same influences which have caused corporations to shift their surplus funds from the banks to the call-loan market have caused numerous savings-bank depositors to draw out their money for a little flyer. In November, 1927, savings deposits in 142 banks in New York State rose $11,353,000. In November, 1928, when the speculative furor was near its height, deposits, instead of showing the normal rate of growth, declined by $1,689,000.

The rise of the investment trust in the United States is the result in large measure of the boom in stocks. The purpose of the investment trust is to obtain diversification of investments for those whose limited capital or lack of experience prevents their doing this on their own account. The holder of a share in an investment trust has a claim to a fractional part of a dozen or more selected stocks which are held in trust for him and other share-holders.

In this way he avoids putting all his eggs in one basket. In the rapid rise of these new financial institutions it is not surprising that they vary greatly in type and quality. Some are as safe and conservative as the best of banks; others are little more than speculative pools. But whatever their form or their mode of operation, the fundamental reason for their rapid multiplication has been the development of a public appetite for stocks during the great bull market.

THE TREASURY also has felt the effects of the bull market, and the results have been registered in the budget. Without the boom in stocks and the consequent gain in taxes on income and on stock exchange transactions, the Treasury at the end of the current fiscal year would probably face a deficit. Last August the Director of the Budget actually forecast a deficit of

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$94,000,000 for this year, but, thanks to the persistent rise in stocks, the present outlook is for a surplus of nearly a hundred millions. In this way the Government has profited, but the gain is not all net. The higher interest rates caused by the boom have made the Treasury's borrowing more expensive. A recent issue of Treasury certificates had to carry a higher coupon rate which added nearly three millions to the cost of this short-term loan.

General business also has begun to feel the effects of this tightening of credit. Since January, 1928, the rediscount rates of the Federal Reserve banks in important centers have been advanced by successive stages from 3½ to 5 per cent. So far there has been no noticeable slackening of activity from this cause except in building operations. During the first two months of this year there has been a pronounced drop in construction work, and the Associated General Contractors report that contracts awarded in twenty-seven States during February were 26 per cent less than in the corresponding period a year ago. The high cost of credit is assigned as the chief reason for this decline.

THE BOOM IN stocks is also beginning to show its effects on consumption. The demand for luxuries is increasing. Some part, not measurable, of the market profits is going into jewelry, fine raiment, house-furnishings and motor cars. In the homes of people who have profited from their market dealings, Grand Rapids furniture is being replaced by antiques, real or alleged, and the old Axminster carpet goes out to make room for Sarouk rugs. The Chevrolet is replaced with a Chrysler, and the Buick with a Packard. The record-breaking output of 584,733 automobiles in March was in some part definitely a product of the bull market.

The same influences which have stimulated luxury buying on the part of successful speculators have stimulated a desire for travel. Miami and Palm Beach during the past winter staged a real come-back after two lean seasons, and the big names in Wall Street were writ large in the society news from these resorts. In the same way more people have been able to afford to go to Europe on their market earnings in recent years. Whatever has contributed to the higher purchasing power and living standards of the American people has contributed its bit to this new wander-lust, and among the contributing factors the bull market must have a place.

Foreign countries have also felt the boom in Wall Street. Much European capital has been employed there at a profit. Europe has profited too from the larger expenditures of American tourists since the advent of stock market prosperity. At the same time it has felt the pinch of the higher money rates for which the stock market is responsible. The leading European exchanges have been depressed from this cause, and, in spite of a recent rise in the Bank of England's rate to protect its reserves, its gold holdings are actually less than they were when Britain returned to the gold standard in 1925.

Photo by Blank-Stoller, Inc.

EDWARD H. H. SIMMONS
President of the New York Stock Exchange

The bull market is also credited with having prevented price inflation. Since this effect is negative, it is not easily proved. There is at least some basis, however, for the assumption that if the billions of credit which have been poured into securities markets had not found that outlet they might have been diverted into speculation in commodities, with the rising living costs, labor troubles, swollen merchandise inventories, and eventual reaction and depression which would normally follow. Whatever the cause, the country has escaped any trend toward commodity price inflation since 1923. The only indications of inflation have been found in stocks and real estate. The bull market in securities may not be the sole explanation for the relative stability of commodity prices, but there is little doubt that it has had an influence.

Finally, the frenzied speculation in stocks has so changed the character of the stock market itself that it is no longer regarded as a "barometer of business." Some financial writers maintain that in the stock market is centered the keenest observation of every development likely to affect business in coming months, and that the results are reflected immediately in the prices of securities. The market thus foreshadows coming changes in trade and industry: if stocks rise, the business outlook is favorable; if they decline, it is unfavorable.

It is claimed that because of this close attention to economic developments the market knows more, for example, about the railroads than any railroad president can possibly know; that it can predict the outcome of National elections, and that it even has served as a harbinger of peace and war. There is no doubt that economic changes have at times been anticipated by movements in the stock market, but its recent gyrations have been so violent that no one can seriously maintain today that they are directly related to future trends in general business. The bull market has smashed the business barometer; not general business prospects, but gigantic pool operations have been the dominant influence in recent months.

Such are some of the by-products of the greatest stock market boom in the country's history. How long they will endure is for the future to determine. For the time being, at any rate, they are definite and important. New knowledge, new habits of thought, new economic, ethical, and political standards, new occupations, new thrills, and a new literature have evolved in an amazingly short period. If it is not a revolution which has occurred it is at least social evolution speeded up to the *n*th degree. The full effect of these changes will not be known until the bull market ends, as some day it must, and the results will depend on the manner of its end. If it be true, as some aver, that stock prices are being adjusted to a permanently higher level and that there is no violent reaction ahead, many of the market's by-products should be in evidence for a long time to come. But if stocks go down as they have come up there may be new by-products of a bear market.

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Emotional America

By IRA S. WILE, M. D.
and
MARY DAY WINN

With the help of Freud and his followers we have realized the power of our emotions and as the authors point out, "with characteristic American energy we are doing something about it." Their thesis is supported by the recent announcement that training of the emotions is in the curriculum of the public schools of Boston

IN ONE of those little boxes in which the city editor displays bits of news that seem to him interesting but not important, some of the papers recently carried the statement that the New York Central was decorating six new dining cars in gray, green, light tan, and other pastel shades, instead of in the old-fashioned red and brown. This item, like a spot of oil on the waters in mid-Atlantic, may seem insignificant, but to the observant eye it marks the fact and location of a wreck—the wreck of the old idea that business efficiency and industrial success are built only on intellectual foundations.

The connection may seem obscure until we realize the reason for the New York Central's conversion to this pastel shade of painting, obviously more difficult and expensive to keep clean than the darker, more utilitarian colors. The reason is that the new shades have a greater æsthetic and emotional appeal. It is a move in the direction of bigger and better emotions. For America has found a new god, and the vast majority of the populace are prostrate before his shrine. Emotion has always existed as the mainspring of life, but in the practical affairs of the world we have tended to belittle it and exalt brain capacity instead. Now, with the help of Freud and his fellow probers into "man's unexpurgated innards," we have discovered our mistake, and with characteristic American energy we are doing something about it.

It is significant that the first world congress to discuss emotions—how they originate and how they may be used and controlled—was held in this country, a little over a year ago, at Wittenberg College in Springfield, Ohio. In the last few months several books on the history of the emotions have appeared, notably the volume by Dr. Edward William Lazell, "The Anatomy of Emotion," and, publishers being what they are, these few will undoubtedly be followed by others.

The old idea that human beings could be sorted and pigeon-holed according to the way they reacted to certain intellectual tests was an alluring one because it made everything so simple and reasonable. This student rates A plus, therefore he will probably be a success in life; that one rates D minus and will doubtless die in the poorhouse; this law is obviously wise and just, therefore the people will gladly accept it; this soap is the best on the market and hence it will outsell the others. On such fallacies have most Utopias, from Plato to H. G. Wells, been constructed.

THE MODERN psychologist knows, the business man has learned from him, that success or failure depends primarily on the individual's emotional equipment, on how he reacts emotionally to people and events around him, and on his ability to arouse, in others, emotions advantageous to himself.

Evidences of this last fact surround us on every hand. When the lawyers at a murder trial scan each talesman as he comes up to be questioned, they are not looking for signs of intellect—far from it. They are trying to guess how emotionally susceptible the prospect will be as a juryman, and which way his emotions will lead him. If the defendant has murdered a young girl, the prosecuting attorney would like to have the whole jury composed of fathers of young girls, and the attorney for the defense is equally anxious for all twelve to be childless. The final plea of each lawyer is aimed straight at the heart of the juryman; the appeal to his reason is merely incidental. Contrast the quiet, almost unnoticed funeral a year or so ago of a great university president, one of the intellectual leaders of his day, with the weeping, shouting, hysterical obsequies of Florence Mills, the negro girl who had danced her way into the hearts of thousands, and who went to her grave, silver-slippered and flower-smothered, accompanied by messages and editorials of regret from all over the world. Intellect is not, unhappily, contagious, but emotion is—very.

The cash value of the emotional appeal is apparent in every branch of business, the example of the dining-cars being only one of many that could be cited. The flood of color that has swept over our homes, our offices, and our public buildings is emotional in its inspiration and effect. Modern manufacturers put sex appeal into everything, even the ice box. The modern bathroom, that used to be so chastely white, has taken on the appearance of a Venusberg. All forms of advertising—ads, window displays, parades, bank architecture, personal adornment—are saturated with emotion. When the copywriter takes his pen in hand, his whole attention is centered on the effort to arouse curiosity, fear, envy, and desire; the less intelligence he can stir up, the better his chances of success. The intelligence of the reader may enter into the transaction later, but it is likely to play an inferior rôle, that of explaining what emotion has already led him to do. Even Big Business, theoretically so cold and calculating, is frequently wrecked by emotion. In one single day of panic on the stock exchange—panic often unwarranted by the facts, like that of April, 1926, which was followed by a spectacular rise—thousands of people are ruined financially because fear is stronger than intelligence.

EMOTION dictates the front-page contents of nearly every city newspaper, and is ninety-nine per cent responsible for the success of the tabloids. It is the base of that newspaper axiom: "Any piece of news is more interesting if there's a woman in it." If a man flies out across the lonely stretch of ocean and never comes back, that is sorrowful and thrilling. But if a woman does it, it is even more sorrowful and thrilling, and if she happens to be a pretty woman, it is the breathless peak of disaster. The man who was lost may have been twice as useful to civilization as that particular woman, but his emotional appeal was not so great.

Even more important to successful living and to business efficiency than the ability to arouse useful emotions in others, is an individual's own equipment of emotions and their balanced

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control; in other words, his personality. Emotional adjustment is the end sought for in almost all psychiatric treatment, and is the modus operandi in up-to-date asylums, where it is now realized that the majority of the cases of insanity are not caused by "something the matter with the brain," but something the matter with the emotions.

The amœba, which is one of the lowest known forms of animal life, gets on quite well in his small way with no brains at all. Even man developed his conscious intelligence long after his emotions were full grown; he knew fear, rage, and love for many eons before he knew enough to build a hut to shelter himself from the rain. Moreover, there is nothing to prove that the intelligence of human beings has improved since the cave dwellers. We have accumulated more knowledge, but we cannot definitely say that the quality of our minds is any better. Our only improvement is in the direction of greater control over our emotions, something we had to learn in order to live peaceably together for our common advantage.

A human being's mind is like an iceberg. The small portion on top of the water, which others can see and steer around, is his conscious intelligence, the part he uses to plan business deals, or play bridge, or buy a cravat, or choose a wife,—for his son. (He seldom chooses his own wife with conscious intelligence.) The much larger portion of his mind, hidden below, is made up of emotions and of unconscious motives and desires. When his life, or those of others with whom he has come in contact, is shipwrecked, it is this subconscious, emotional portion that usually causes the trouble.

IT HAS TAKEN us a long time to realize this. We have clung tenaciously to the idea that mental capacity was the most important requisite for worldly success—clung to this false notion until example after example has forced us to abandon it. We have worshiped and exulted over our mental prodigies, believing that the precocious child would inevitably be the successful man or woman—until we have seen what happens to many prodigies. Dr. Lewis Terman, who has devoted years to the study of precocious children and is the leading authority in this country on the subject, points out that of the more than a thousand youthful geniuses whom he has studied no man can determine how many will succeed. A prodigy much written and talked about several years ago because of his exceptional mind was last heard of, at about the age of thirty, earning $20 a week at a small clerical job. Another from whom much was expected has recently figured in a court action in a way far from creditable.

EVEN AS RECENTLY as fifteen years ago we thought that a large per cent of crime was due to feeble-mindedness. We had a series of mental tests with which some of us ran from the prison to the jail and back again, measuring the intelligence of prisoners and figuring out how empty the penitentiaries would be if we could only pass some kind of law which would prevent people of inferior intelligence from being born.

Now we have discovered that it is frequently not our stupidest but our cleverest people who become criminals. We have observed that recidivists (people convicted of more than one crime) have a higher intelligence than first offenders; also that among the wayward girls who have been placed on parole, the ones who reform often have a lower intelligence than those who do not. Leopold and Loeb were exceptionally brilliant students; Hickman was said to be a leader of his class. Obviously it is not lack of brains that makes the criminal; more often it is emotional maladjustment or lack of emotional control.

The professions which, more than any others, depend on the right kind of emotional make-up are acting, writing, painting, dancing, music, and the ministry. But the list does not end there. Few people can fit comfortably into the organization of society who have what may be described as any emotional deformity—who are abnormally suspicious, or painfully jealous, or supersensitive, or seclusive, or chronically grouchy; who are possessed of morbid fears, lacking in both physical and moral courage, or who are subject to severe depressions. The man who has never freed himself, emotionally, from his mother's apron strings, and is therefore unable to stand up under hard knocks and to take responsibility; the man who flees from hard reality into the forgetfulness of drink or drugs; the timid person, who will never take a chance; the restless soul, always in need of change, excitement, adventure; the amorous individual, who sacrifices everything to the demands of his sex life,—all these are emotional misfits, though their intelligence may be of the highest order. They are common types, easily recognizable in every walk of life. Unless they fall, or are directed, into industrial niches where their emotional slants will not be handicaps to their commercial success, they are likely, from a worldly point of view at least, to be failures.

The proper handling of personnel to find for each emotional type the job he can do best, is one of the practical lessons which Big Business is learning from the newer knowledge of emotions. One of the greatest items in the overhead of any large concern is the loss from a constant labor turnover, and the higher the position in which a shift occurs, the greater the loss. A change in the head buyer in any department will frequently cost a big department store as much as $200,000, because the new buyer, who must be given freedom if he is to work efficiently, rarely takes any interest in pushing his predecessor's goods, and will usually get them out of the way at a sacrifice. Turnover losses in some other branches of business are just as great.

IN A SURPRISING number of cases, reasons for the turnover are emotional in origin, rather than the result of any lack of intrinsic ability on the part of employer or employee. Either the employee is in a job for which he is not emotionally fitted; or he is not able, for some reason, to get on with his fellow workers; or he comes to work exhausted by conflicting emotions of one kind or another in his private life. In such a situation the old idea was to throw him out and train a new man for his job, accepting the resulting overhead loss. The newer business psychology, as practiced by some large firms with many employees, is to make an understanding inquiry into the situation, taking into account the important rôle which emotion plays in business, and to take whatever steps seem necessary to correct the trouble. Sometimes these steps consist in expert advice or material help in home problems, but more often they mean shifting the man or woman into some other line of work within the same organization to which his personality is better adapted.

One large department store has put a psychiatrist in charge of its personnel work and has greatly diminished its turnover by handling its employees in this fashion. If, in spite of obvious intelligence, any one of them seems to be falling down in his task, he is given a

(Please Turn to Page 77)

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▶▶ Is Montparnasse "Doomed"? ◀◀

By T. R. YBARRA

PARIS.

ONE of these days some historian of twentieth century Europe will class that mysterious being, the "tourist," with Attila the Hun. Attila, it will be remembered, boasted, in his pleasant, friendly way, that wherever he trod no blade of grass grew; of the "tourist" it may be asserted that wherever he sets his foot "tradition" dies, "atmosphere" perishes, "glamour" withers, and "picturesqueness" breathes its last. No sooner does a place become famous for quaint by-ways and exotic smells than the "tourist" brigade comes pouring in and, within an astonishingly short period, makes it famous for traffic policemen and porcelain bath tubs. The most paradoxical thing about modern travelers is that they destroy what they come to Europe to seek; flocking there because it is "quaint" and the United States is not, Americans, year by year, deprive Europe of a little more of the quaintness, whose lack in America was what made them leave home. Some day, perhaps, a lover of paradox will paint Europe as an unpicturesque, highly modernized continent, packed with Americans vainly searching for picturesqueness, and America as a paradise of the picturesque, peopled only by a few unfortunates sighing because they cannot visit Europe.

All of which is preliminary to the remark that Montparnasse, famed for generations as one of the most picturesque parts of Paris, is apparently "doomed." And the reason is that Attila the Tourist has not only "discovered" it with a vengeance but has trodden upon it so hard that scarcely a blade of picturesqueness grows in Montparnasse any more. If Henri Murger, who wrote "La Vie de Bohême" and thereby made Montparnasse famous, should return there today, he would probably lie down on the sidewalk and cry himself to death. He would scarcely recognize the region where Marcel and Rodolphe and Schaunard, Mimi and Musette, the renowned creatures of his pen, painted and sang, starved and laughed and loved. For one thing, if he started on a quest of the old Montparnasse, the first thing he would have to do, in order to get a glimpse of it, would be to push aside the Americans. In the Montparnasse of today they stand in serried ranks between the eye of the beholder and whatever of picturesqueness remains.

The steady stream of tourists which has poured of late years into Montparnasse in the eager hope of seeing painters painting, sculptors sculping, and Bohemians boheeming has completely changed the place where painters, sculptors, and Bohemians of Paris have from time immemorial had their habitat. Artists undoubtedly exist somewhere in Montparnasse, but, to the naked eye, it is today a region so obviously a part of Touristia that when one sits in front of the Café du Dôme or the café de la Rotonde on a starlit night one almost feels that the stars shining in the sky over Montparnasse were placed there by Baedeker.

Already the genuine denizens of Montparnasse, and those who genuinely love the sort of thing which Henri Murger put into "La Vie de Bohême," are talking seriously of the "doom" of Montparnasse. In order not to be trampled to death by Attila the Tourist, the real artists and Bohemians of the region are planning to migrate elsewhere. Art cannot live beside a tiled bathroom; inspiration is stifled by steam heat; love flies out of the window of a room containing a telephone. And, since bathrooms and steam heat and telephones are becoming more and more a characteristic of Montparnasse of today, art and inspiration and love—that is, love divorced from all admixture of financial considerations—are becoming more and more sweet echoes of a perished past.

SO SAYS the real Montparnassian—and he is looking for a new Montparnasse. But where shall it be? How shall it be created and preserved? Even if all the genuine artists and Bohemians assembled some dark night secretly, with their easels and brushes under their arms, their Mimis and Musettes tethered firmly to loving fingers, and slunk away in silence from Montparnasse to some other part of Paris, would not Attila the Tourist discover their new haunt before they had even unpacked? Would not the Americans descend upon it like wolves on the fold, their cohorts gleaming with scarlet Baedekers and golden letters of credit? The Montparnassian knows only too well what wonderful detectives foreigners in Paris are, what short shrift they make of quaintness, once they locate it. He realizes all too clearly that huge motor busses, labeled "See the New Montparnasse," "Visit the New Bohemia by Night," would be leaving the boulevards, filled with leading citizens of Birmingham, Alabama, and Peoria, Illinois, almost before the new Marcels and Rodolphes had had their first lovers' quarrel, in the new Latin Quarter, with the new Mimis and Musettes.

REALIZING the hopelessness of dodging the tourists, the Montparnassian, up to the present time of writing, has confined himself to sighing for the old days, without making any really definite attempt to pave the way for the dawning of a new Artistico-Bohemian era, where quaintness may exist without a label and picturesqueness flourish uncontaminated by the eye of the tourist.

Nevertheless, there really is a desire to create a new Montparnasse simmering in the brains of the true Montparnassians. Some advocate abandoning the artistic trenches of the present Latin Quarter and transferring the next line of defense to some place like Montsouris. Some want the Soul to make its next stand on the Ile St. Louis—but the Soul Brigade, in that case, will have to hurry, for the Ile St. Louis is already skirmishing with the vanguard of the Third Ohio Corps of Tourists and beating off attacks by Nebraska and Iowa regiments. Other Montparnassians, despairing of holding the Ile St. Louis citadel, favor the emigration of the arts to some region on the outer rim of Paris, in the fond hope that it will be so far from the hotels and cabarets of the Right Bank of the Seine that the swarms of tourists will simply leave it in peace and go buzzing and devouring elsewhere.

Meanwhile, the genuine Montparnassians, pensive and resigned, are sipping drinks in front of their favorite cafés, entirely surrounded by groups of people at other tables saying excitedly (in the language prevalent west of the Alleghenies): "Look, Jenny! Isn't he quaint! Isn't he simply too picturesque for words!"

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As the Filipino Sees It

By WALTER ROBB

The author has lived in the Philippines for twenty-one years and has written several books dealing with the Islands. He is correspondent for American and English newspapers and in Manila edits the Journal of the American Chamber of Commerce

THERE are now pending in the Congress of the United States measures to fix at five hundred thousand tons yearly the amount of Philippine sugar admitted free of duty to the American market; to levy a duty upon Philippine sugar as an alternative to limitation; to levy duties upon other Philippine products, such as cocoanut oil; to exclude from the United States Filipino immigrants; to deny the privilege of acquiring American citizenship to Filipinos, including those who qualify by military service; and to treat the Philippines, in tariff legislation, as if they were a foreign country.

There is earnest power behind all these measures, their advocates and supporters mean business, and they have gone to the place where such business may be transacted. Respecting territories and what shall be done with them, as respecting the disposition of mule harness, Congress makes "all needful rules and regulations."

In matters of law, the Philippines are now, as they have been from the moment of their formal acquisition, at the mercy of Congress. By that body they have been given two acts of organic law, one in 1901 and one in 1916, the latter being a modification of the former and declaring, in the *obiter dicta* of its preamble, the intention of the United States to grant independence to the Philippines when a stable government is established in them. Meanwhile, the government provided for the Islands is an agency of the Federal Government through which it is convenient to exercise insular administration. This government has been set up in accordance with the spirit and principles of President McKinley's policy, defined with eloquent clearness in his instructions, written by Elihu Root, to the Taft Philippine Commission.

The date of this great state document, imbued with the highest honor in our annals, is April 7, 1900. It therefore served to effect peace in the Philippines; and McKinley's re-election as President, when Bryan made "imperialism" a paramount issue in the campaign, was taken by the Filipinos as a solemn ratification of McKinley's Philippine policy by the American people. Under that policy, therefore, the Islands desisted from rebellion and settled down to the enjoyment of their ill-defined but seemingly secure status under the sovereignty of the United States.

The first political party they organized sought the status of an organized territory; its adherents desired a place in the Nation similar to that of Hawaii, but were made to understand they could not have it. The Filipinos then turned, with disappointment, to the logical alternative of eventual independence.

THIS WAS a means to remind America from time to time that she has the Philippines and really ought to do something about them. The first petition for independence was submitted to Washington in 1907, when the Philippine Assembly began helping the Commission legislate for the Islands. This petition has been renewed unfailingly every year, usually as the first formal act of the Philippine Legislature, where an elected Senate has supplanted the Commission by provision of the organic act of 1916.

The petition is practical politics. Essentially it means, "If you are not going to let us entirely into the Nation, put us entirely out. If you don't want us, don't keep us."

That is the feeling. Filipinos are prepared to be summarily ejected from their uncertain foothold within the National empire at any time. They would not be inclined to censure America for ousting them, but, until she does, they look to her to vouchsafe them fair treatment; they trust that she will persistently adhere to the McKinley policy on which they themselves have based their attitude toward her as the sovereign power. The policy which induced peace has prolonged it, and to rupture this peace is now well-nigh beyond the power of any one to bring about. The United States has become a motherland to the Philippines. It is enlightening to ascertain why.

The source of the felicity prevailing between Manila and Washington is discovered in McKinley's words, the document by which Taft, as the first civil governor, laid the cornerstone of American government in the Islands. It contains the bill of rights, and provision is made for appeals to the Supreme Court of the United States in the pursuit of justice.

"The National Government of the United States shall have no direct administration except of matters of general concern. . . . The government which they are establishing is designed, not for our satisfaction, nor for the expression of our theoretical views, but for the happiness, peace, and prosperity of the people of the Philippine Islands; and the measures adopted should be made to conform to their customs, their habits, and even their prejudices, to the fullest extent consistent with the accomplishment of the indispensable requisites of just and effective government. . . . An obligation rests upon the Government of the United States to give protection for property and life, civil and religious freedom, and wise, firm, and unselfish guidance in the paths of peace and prosperity to all the people of the Philippine Islands. I charge this Commission to labor for the full performance of this obligation, which concerns the honor and conscience of their country, in the firm hope that through their labors all the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands may come to look back with gratitude to the day when God gave victory to American arms at Manila and set their land under the sovereignty and protection of the people of the United States."

THIS DOCTRINE, these principles, the word and spirit of the McKinley instructions to Taft, have been so widely and persistently diffused in the Philippines that school boys by the thousands are able to quote them from memory. Mr. Justice George A. Malcolm, of the Philippine Supreme Court, sets them forth in his "Constitutional Law of the Philippine Islands;" moreover, the American Government has actually been guided by them ever since their promulgation, as it still is. Whenever proposals have been made which have seemed to the Islands to be inimical to their welfare or hazardous of their interests, it has been sufficient, to defeat

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these proposals, to show their inconsistency with McKinley's words. Invariably that has ended them, and the American people have approved.

Autonomy, cautiously restricted, has been devised by Congress and made executively effective. Congress may, as the preamble to the latest organic act avers, look toward the independence of the Islands; that is, some Congresses may, as presumably the one of 1916 did. But the Executive thinks of independence, as it is generally thought of in the Islands, as a remote contingency. McKinley spoke repeatedly of self-government, but never of independence. The Executive was moved by paramount reasons of state to insist upon Spain's outright cession of the Islands to the United States. The phraseology in the Treaty of Paris covering this shift of sovereignty is very brief and clear: "Spain cedes to the United States the archipelago known as the Philippine Islands."

The state reasons which prompted America to exceed in her final demands upon Spain respecting the Islands what Spain might reasonably have anticipated from the terms of the protocol were reasons involving the situation in China and the political equilibrium of the Far East. Details are out of place here; it is enough to say that our reasons for acquiring the Philippines still exist as our reasons for holding them; many of them are beyond our power to obliterate, at least they cannot be obliterated hurriedly, and the future looms far ahead with the American flag over the Islands.

McKinley not only believed that God had fought on our side in the Battle of Manila Bay, but that the answer to his prayerful inquiry was that Spain should be required to give up the Islands. His devoted fortitude has been materially blessed. Yet the dawn comes up like thunder out of China, 'cross the bay—the thunder of cannon, the clash of war lords, the quarrels of jealous powers.

Permanence of the Philippines under the flag has been the norm of executive procedure, from the inauguration of a system of public schools teaching English as a common language to Governor General Stimson's emphasis upon more rapid economic progress. His dangling before the eyes of the Filipinos, whom he invited to work harder and utilize more loans from America, the iridescent effigy of independence was, of course, but the bait to his hook. No man really visions the day when the flag will come down. "They are not on a visit, they are here to stay," said Borah fourteen years ago, in successfully opposing a Senate vote for independence. "Let them take off their bonnets and take out their knitting and sit down and be content." They have done that precisely, and made it dutch treat.

From this attitude of contentment with a status given the appearance of permanence by the opinions of public men and the fiat of executives, rather than by law, the United States has reaped rich material profits. They are manifest in her growing Oriental commerce, not alone that with the Philippines, which itself is of a value of $200,000,000 a year, and in her merchant marine, now restored on the Pacific and traversing world routes out of New York. They are equally apparent in a system of insular roads totaling some three thousand miles, which distribute her manufactures throughout the Islands, reduce the cost of transporting to ocean ports the products which she buys, and facilitate the movement of troops through the Islands, should the need arise to do so. Nor should the group of insular harbors, modernly improved, be overlooked, designed for the particular use of her merchant and naval vessels, as the Islands have not one ocean ship.

The United States has had from the Philippines other benefits which are numerous and significant, but those just listed are outstanding ones because they are those for which the National Treasury usually pays. In the Philippines, however, they have been paid for by the Philippines; the Islands subsist upon their own revenue, neither contributing to the National treasury nor subtracting from it. The roads, the harbors, the favorable laws allowing American vessels to call at inter-island ports not open to ocean commerce, and even to engage in the inter-island carrying trade—all this costly fabric has been provided in behalf of the commerce with the motherland which Congress has the power to ruin overnight; a trade which Congress is now being asked to ruin by means of tariffs and restrictions.

Why have the Philippines done it? Because American executives, the Governors General immediately, one after another, have asked them to do it; and because they have had faith, and executive assurances, that the policy of McKinley would never be abandoned. While it was as yet impossible, owing to the stipulation with Spain, to make commerce between the Islands and the United States entirely free of duties, Taft secured the reduction of certain schedules. "Many American products heretofore excluded by a prohibitory tariff will now come in," he said, and they have in enormous quantities. As to Philippine products going into the United States, he reminded America that "with the separation from Spain

Ewing Galloway

THE TRAFFIC PROBLEM IN MANILA

Roofed boats for transportation on the canals

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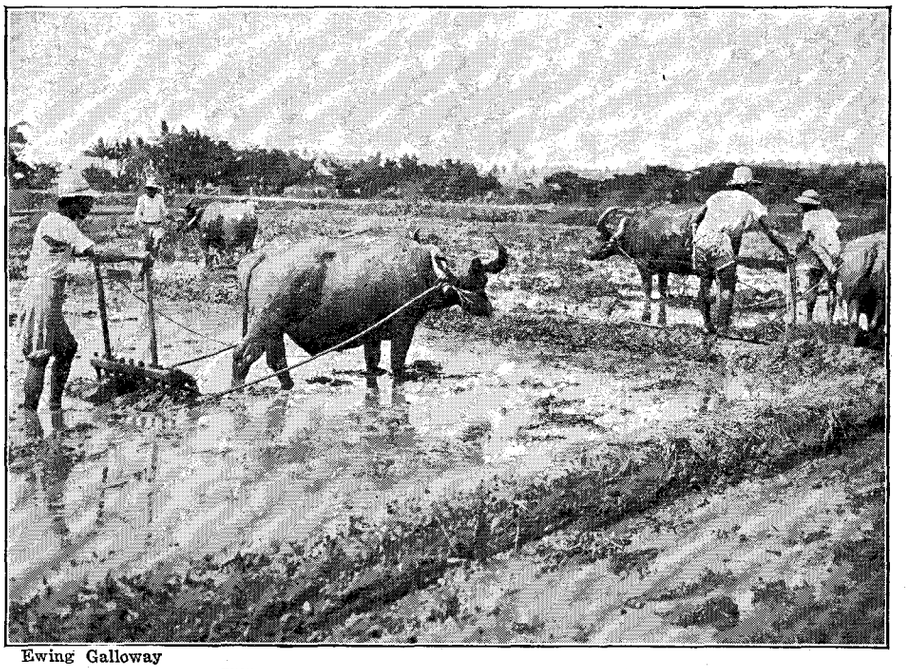
the sugar and tobacco growers have been deprived of markets which were of great assistance to them, and it seems only fair and just that the United States should substitute its own markets for the Spanish markets."

In 1909, as soon as the Treaty of Paris permitted, America, still urged by Taft and Root, established the free trade with the Islands which has persisted ever since. It has made seventy per cent of the trade of the Islands ours, imports and exports taken together, and the tendency of the figures is upward. This is what Congress can first halt and eventually destroy by departing from McKinley's injunctions and levying duties upon Philippine products or otherwise limiting their sale in America. As soon, for instance, as less Philippine sugar should be reaching the American market, more domestic sugar would be produced; then once more there would be too much sugar on the market (in the opinion of the growers!), and Congress would be asked to reduce the Philippines' quota; members would make it a vote-catching cry in their campaigns, as they did last year, and when elected they would attempt to carry out their promises, as they are now doing.

It would be the same with cigars and with all other Philippine products. Capital would be constantly scarcer for financing farm operations in the Islands, interest rates would increase as capital gradually withdrew; what he could sell for far less than before would cost the Philippine producer more, though he would cut wages and general purchasing power would decline. Faith would be broken. It were better, it would be far more honorable, if it were possible, to grant the Islands their independence. For in levying upon their products reaching our markets, Congress is not bound to permit them to levy upon our products entering their markets, and would surely not be inclined to do so; for it is not to sell less of American goods, but more, that the tariff is short-sightedly invoked against the Islands, one of the largest consuming markets America has.

Taking up the organic act briefly, the regulation of commerce between the Islands and the United States is wholly reserved to Congress; all insular laws even remotely infringing upon this authority are void, and the courts promptly declare them so. The Philippines may enact tariff laws (not applying to the United States), but they require Washington's approval. Their loans must all be obtained in the United States, of course. Their laws affecting mines and the public lands require Washington's approval. Besides these and other economic restrictions on the authority of the insular Legislature and government, various political restrictions exist. Filipinos are only citizens of the Philippines, not of the United States. Since it would be harsh to term them subjects, Justice Malcolm, referred to above, has found a milder word; he calls them *wards* of the United States!

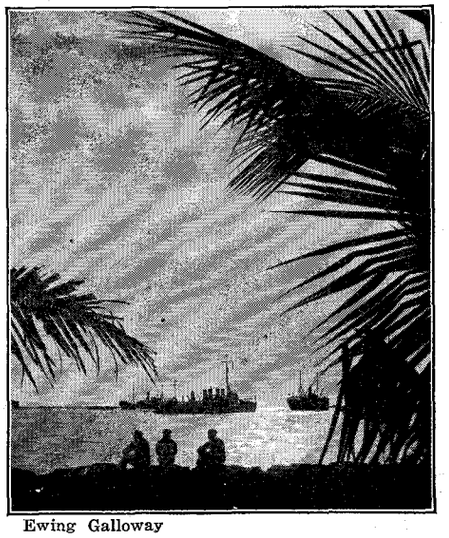


Ewing Galloway

THE INDISPENSABLE BEAST OF BURDEN

Carabaos working in Philippine rice fields

Under the threat of all that is pending in Congress to nullify the McKinley policy and reduce the Islands to impotency, Filipinos are repeating their constant suggestion; they are countering the proposals to bankrupt their commerce, with a proposal for immediate autonomy (with the power to levy duties upon American goods), and steps toward independence.



Ewing Galloway

Even in this they are merely adhering tenaciously to McKinley's policy, which has actually paid America in dollars and cents while sedulously maintaining her honor and her word. Their contention has behind it all the moral force the question presents. There are American interests in the Islands, involving a capital of hundreds of millions, and it is an anomaly that although these interests are principally those of veterans of the Spanish War and the campaigns to suppress the Filipino revolt, it is the voice of the Filipino which is lifted in their behalf. It is not strange that this is so, to the American who knows the Filipino statesman, Mr. Osmeña, who formulates legislative policy, but it is strange that those who are to be opposed in their efforts to damage the Islands and the welfare of all who reside or are interested in them, are to be found in the American Congress.

Though the way is legally open for such procedure, what an irony it would be; and at the very time, too, when we are cultivating the world's confidence. Why are such proposals made? Why are they countenanced, to the extent, already, of committee hearings?

(Please Turn to Page 80)

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The Trend of Events

"Obscenity" Brands

MRS. MARY WARE DENNETT'S pamphlet, "The Sex Side of Life, an Explanation for Young People," has been cordially endorsed by high authorities and circulated by health, religious, civic and school officials. Yet a Brooklyn jury, sitting in a Federal court, has branded it "obscene." A week earlier a Boston jury burned the brand into Theodore Dreiser's distinguished novel, "An American Tragedy." Many, deploring these verdicts, have missed the fundamental point—the revelation of what the average juror, that is to say, the man in the street, regards as obscenity.

The two verdicts reflect on society rather than on the authors. Even if the verdicts are reversed in higher courts the basic aspect of the cases will be left untouched. At bottom, the significant problems are one of improving the caliber of juries and one of educating the public to a healthier attitude toward sex.

Psychologists may help in the second task by explaining inconsistencies in the average mind. What makes a man tolerant toward filthy stories, as a great many men obviously are, and intolerant toward dignified treatises on sex functions? Why does he insist that *littérateurs* may never deal seriously with subjects which sleazy shows, movies, and magazines bandy about undisturbed? What makes him receptive toward spoken discussions, and bitter toward written discussions, of sex questions?

He who understands these things should understand how the public attitude toward sex may be elevated. But in any case the job is not as difficult as it sounds. For some years it has been well under way. Mrs. Dennett herself has done valuable work in the cause. It is a question now, not of starting a project, but of speeding up one long since started.

Juries of Judges

AUTHORS WHO FEAR "obscerity" brands may well ask what is to be done meanwhile. There is little for them to do immediately save to advocate making anti-obscenity laws more rational, to fight proposals for more stringent laws, to carry their cases to the highest courts when necessary, and to run as few risks as possible. Taking a longer view, they may well support the current movement to permit defendants to choose between trial by jury and trial by judges.

It is noteworthy that just after the Boston and just before the Brooklyn conviction three New York justices, "after a careful reading of the entire book," level-headedly ruled that Radclyffe Hall's "Well of Loneliness" was not obscene. That the average judge will be more intelligent and liberal than the average juror can be confidently assumed.

Underwood

MRS. MARY WARE DENNETT

Convicted by a Brooklyn court of sending obscene literature through the mails

It is easier to make jurors of judges than of high-calibered citizens. Despite a thousand reminders of their duty, in some localities fully half—the best half—of those called for jury service manage to get excused. Protesting against the decisions of jurors, they protest as loudly when asked to perform the work of jurors.

Can they be induced to do of their own free will what they cannot be compelled to do? There are those who think so. Legions of volunteer jurors are being formed in New York City, with members of the Rotary Club—there is one in New York, you know—composing the first unit. It is commendable. We shall see what comes of it.

Ethics of Advertising

THE NATIONAL Food Products Protective Committee reaches for a club instead of a Lucky. Vigorously it attacks the National Broadcasting Company for lending its facilities to the campaign—stiffened by "tainted testimonials" from professional athletes and other celebrities—to convince the public that "it is 'healthy' to smoke cigarettes." This, it declares, is the most harmful attack upon public health ever launched in the air.

It is shocked to think that "a single great tobacco organization, backed by a fund of $12,000,000, has undertaken to transform 20,000,000 young men and young women in the United States into cigarette addicts." Nor is the Food Products Committee's reaction softened by the realization that cigarette interests have been permitted to urge "the substitution of nicotine for wholesome food products."

"Shall the air be given over to destructive propaganda?" it asks John W. Davis, Charles E. Hughes, Dwight W. Morrow, and the other members of the Broadcasting Company's Advisory Council. Is this campaign in the public interest, convenience, or necessity—the basis on which the Company is empowered to operate?

Thus the latest development in the spirited controversy over the ethics of advertising. Near the center of the dispute is the question—to which Charles Merz called attention in the April 10 issue of the Outlook and Independent—of the effectiveness of long-bow testimonials. Stanley Resor, President of the J. Walter Thompson Company, lately entered the fray by declaring that good taste must be observed in using testimonials and that the testifiers should express their real opinions. Testimonials within these limits, he finds, are "a tonic to the reader's interest, not a deterrent."

The current debates raise several interesting questions: Are advertisers to be privileged characters? How closely are they expected to adhere to the ethics of business and professional men? Are they willing to have their work regarded only semi-seriously, with ample allowance made for exaggeration?

Some of them think it time to test the virtues of understatement, which is

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often as arresting as overstatement, without having the disadvantage of making the public skeptical of advertising in general.

▶▶*Scrapping Armaments*

THE OUTCOME of the American delegates' work in the League's Preparatory Disarmament Commission may well be awaited with hope lightly salted by skepticism. It is plainer that taxes can be lightened by reducing armaments than that peace can be so preserved.

Furthermore, the Commission itself cannot scrap a single gun. It simply has been seeking to arrange a program for a disarmament conference, which might or might not be held this year, might or might not be fruitful, and might or might not produce results acceptable to the Governments at home.

This aside, it must be said that American Delegate Gibson's speech on land armaments was remarkably conciliatory and that his speech on sea armaments was not only friendly but refreshingly candid. France has insisted that trained reserves be excluded from estimates of land armaments. To this our delegates now agree, though they believe that such reserves obviously affect a nation's fighting power. Hence one excuse for disagreements in the Commission has vanished.

Speaking on sea armaments, Mr. Gibson punctures the droll argument that the nations have been building solely with reference to their own needs. "Naval needs are relative," he said; what we require for our defense "depends chiefly upon the size of the navies maintained by others." Let the naval powers proportionately reduce, not merely limit, their naval armaments, and each will be about as well off as it is now.

Quickly he disposed of the obstacle that the United States is chiefly interested in large cruisers, Great Britain in small cruisers, and France in destroyers and submarines. Fix a rigid total tonnage limit, he said in effect; then fix an elastic limit for each category. Let France have a large submarine tonnage, within a specified limit, but what she adds to this category will be deducted from another.

To quicken the process, let each ship, on the basis of size, guns, speed, et cetera, be given a certain value. Thus if a 10,000-ton cruiser were given a value of 100, a 6,000-tonner with weight alone considered would get a value of 60, which, owing to speed, size of guns, and so on, might rise to 70, say, or fall to 50.

It will not be easy, but neither should it be impossible, to find a satisfactory formula for estimating values. One can certainly be found if the powers determine to find it.

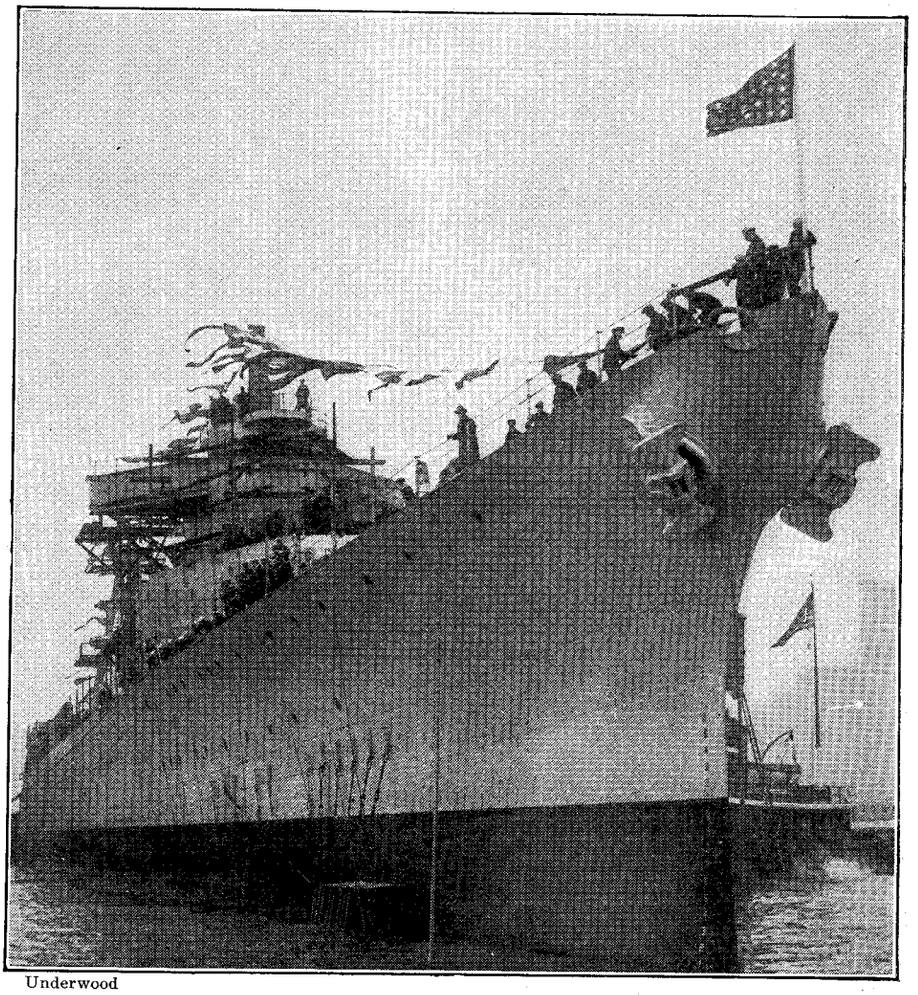
▶▶*Sour Overtones*

THAT FRENCH OFFICIALS would hail Mr. Gibson's speech on land armaments as "historical," that British officials would find his speech on sea armaments "very helpful," was to be expected. They seem to be genuinely impressed; besides, diplomatic courtesy alone would dictate a polite reception for the American plan. But some newspapers here and abroad have huzzahed much as if, instead of suggesting that armaments be reduced, Mr. Gibson had taken off his coat and reduced them himself. After all, there are still a good many fighting ships afloat, and their number is being increased.

On April 25, the Pensacola slid down Brooklyn ways—greased at a cost of $3,500—her shiny new nose splashed by the christening contents of a bottle of mineral water. A 10,000-tonner, the Pensacola is 570 feet long, and seems as if she might be a bad craft to rile. Soon after her launching, Rear Admiral Plunkett announced that "we are getting indigestion from an overdose of internationalism," and that "it is time to face reality."

On April 24, the 10,000-ton French cruiser, Foch, slipped into the water at Brest. The Foch, called one of the swiftest and most formidable of fighting ships, glided away amid the echoes of Admiral Violette's oratory—"If we should find our firesides menaced and the liberty of our sons attacked, you will know, beautiful ship, how . . . to act like him who was known as Foch the hammer."

As for Germany, international astonishment has been expressed at the pace, range, and general efficiency of the Ersatz Preussen, developed by that



Underwood

THE NAVY'S NEWEST

U. S. S. Pensacola, 10,000 ton cruiser, returning to the dock after her launching recently at the Brooklyn Navy Yard

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country, and said to combine the offensive powers of a battleship with the speed and endurance of a cruiser. Moreover, the Government has decreed that officers and men who served on the cruiser Emden—she sank twenty ships in the late war—may add "Emden" to their names as a title of honor. Thus Friedrich Garbe becomes Friedrich Garbe-Emden, and basks in the admiration of his friends.

▶▶*Five Clean-Ups*

FEELING MORE THAN a little soiled after its St. Valentine's Day murders, Chicago has been up to the elbows in its nteenth clean-up campaign. A few hours after the massacre the public was informed that this marked the end of gang warfare in Chicago; a few weeks thereafter it concluded that it must have misunderstood. New York City also has come under the policeman's scrubbing-brush, with the lather especially heavy on speakeasies. The net result is best indicated by Police Commissioner Whalen's estimate that speakeasies are still 32,000 strong.

In Cleveland, Director of Public Safety Barry has ordered police wrecking crews to advance on bootlegging joints prepared on the slightest provocation to tear them down. "We'll meet this gangster reign of terror with a reign of terror of our own," says Director of Public Safety Barry.

In Philadelphia, prominent citizens are organizing into a Criminal Justice Association and Director of Public Safety Schofield instructs policemen to *shoot to kill*. "When you see bandits . . . . at work, don't hesitate; let 'em have it," says Director of Public Safety Schofield. Somehow he keeps his face straight, though few Philadelphians have forgotten Brigadier General Butler's sensational anti-crime drive or its equally sensational failure.

Way down in Georgia, Governor Hardman lately summoned citizens to a mass-meeting to organize for a war on crime. The irrepressible "Baltimore Evening Sun" doubts that this will be profitable, since Georgia is overrun with Nordics, and Nordics "simply refuse to obey the laws."

One, two, three, four, five anti-crime drives—in as many parts of the country and typical of several others. They are not to be taken too seriously. Essentially, they point to the prevalent daydream that somehow, somewhere, there can be found easy cures for crime.

Calling mass-meetings, battering down blind pigs, establishing police reigns of terror, or urging that every citizen obey the laws even when they are unjust and idiotic—such tactics turn the spotlight on their instigators, but in long run accomplish little else. They are poor substitutes for patient and thoroughgoing study of causes and remedies.

▶▶*Respect for Law*

MANY OF those who ask that citizens respect and obey all the laws usually mean all the dry laws. Such camouflage

Wide World

NOT A "SPOON-FED AMATEUR"

John F. Curry, Tammany's new chief is said to have "a technical knowledge of the political game"

fools no one. Nor is anyone impressed. Current signs indicate that the country grows more concerned with modifying than with respecting or obeying these laws. One such sign appears in the addition of 200 New York lawyers to the long list of American attorneys—enrolled by the Voluntary Committee of Lawyers, Inc.,—who oppose the Eighteenth Amendment and its progeny. Among the 200 names are those of such men as George Roberts and F. L. Robbins, Jr., Secretary of State Stimson's law partners.

When the pleaders do not mean prohibition laws, what do they mean? Do they mean New England's blue laws, the notorious Massachusetts anti-blasphemy law, for example? Or the Minnesota law empowering any judge, omitting trial or hearing, to suppress any newspaper which in his opinion prints anything scandalous or defamatory? Do they themselves obey unpractical speed laws? Do they want the public to be respectful when legislatures pass such laws as that declaring that when two trains approach a crossing both shall stop and neither shall start until the other has gone? Or, despite their assertions to the contrary, do they choose for themselves, and do they unconsciously assume that others will choose for themselves, which laws they will respect and obey?

That this is a dangerous attitude no one can question. But it will doubtless continue as long as citizens are willing to leave on the statute books laws that are widely and generally ignored.

When people generally do not obey a law the trouble may be with the law rather than with the people. But the fact seems to require continued emphasis, as do the supplementary axioms that to be enforced laws must be enforceable, to be observed must be observable, and to be respected must be respectable.

▶▶*Tammany's Chief*

NOW ABIDETH ex-Governor Smith, Senator Wagner, Surrogate Foley, and Mayor Walker, Tammany's Big Four; but the biggest of these is Walker. For this the Mayor may thank—of all persons!—members of the United States Supreme Court.

When that court refused to sanction the effort of a New York subway company to increase fares over the protests of the city Administration, Mayor Walker added many cubits to his political stature. Looking down from his full height, he advocated the selection of a Tammany Hall chief from the district leaders. History, to his mind, shows that as a rule the successful chieftains were district leaders; his examples are Murphy, Kelly, and Croker.

This "old" policy Smith, Wagner, and Foley, representatives of the "new" Tammany, opposed in vain. John F. Curry, lately chosen chief, is a district leader of the old school, and Walker, his sponsor, wins out. The news may surprise those who during the campaign had assumed that Smith shared Tammany's every idea and was absolute boss of the Wigwam.

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In the long run the defeat of Smith may be less harmful to the Governor than to Tammany. For the time being, ideals are out in the cold and practical politics rules the roost. Tammany is less interested in achieving a *succès d'estime* or improving its national status than in winning a mayoralty contest. It is Chief Curry's job as a veteran politician to get results in the forthcoming city election. The Chief thinks Mayor Walker's chances of victory "very, very good," despite the attitude of the "New York World," which threatens to bolt the Democratic ranks if the Republicans nominate a worthy candidate.

It would be ironical if bitterness engendered in the struggle to choose for strictly practical purposes a strictly practical chief were to bring about a Democratic defeat. This outcome appears improbable. Though they may tomahawk each other for months on end, when a campaign begins the Tammany leaders usually embrace, make up, and, arm-in-arm, go loping off to the hustings and polls, there to present a solid front.

▸▸*The "Stunters"*

WARM WEATHER brings out the "stunters." As sudden and short-lived as a streak of heat lightning, they flash and disappear.

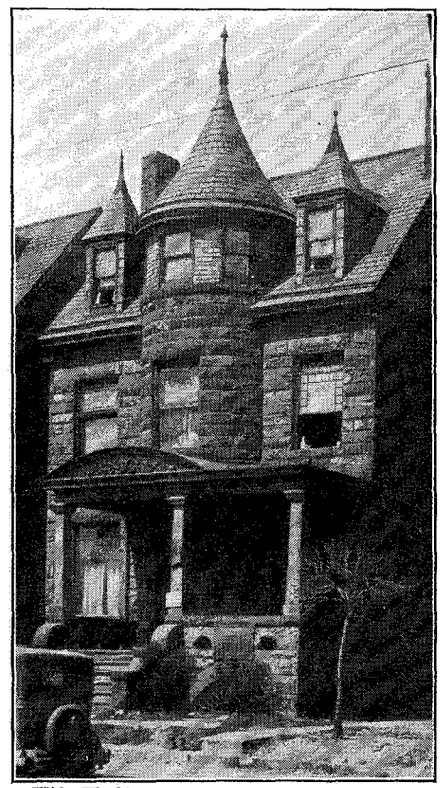
Perhaps it is a champion swallower, who has downed eight dozen raw eggs while his companions cheered. Perhaps it is a champion hands-tied swimmer, somersault-turner, or long-distance roller skater. Thus far the season has yielded a flag-pole-stander, who remained, a modern Stylite, for 100 hours upon his precarious perch, and a Viennese marathon pianist, who played seventy-five hours and when last heard from was pressing onward to shatter the record of eighty-two hours.

There will be more. "Stunters" will marry in airplanes, walk ten miles on their hands, or aspire to cross the ocean in collapsible canoes.

Why do they do it? For money principally. Prizes dangle before the mind's eyes of dance marathoners, for example, and quicken their blistered feet. There is publicity, too—nowadays as sweet and almost as negotiable as gold pieces—and there is the desire to stand out in a standardized age.

Twenty years ago, if a mother of five had held her breath seven minutes no one would have heard of it except the neighbors; they would have eyed her with suspicion. Today, so perfected is the machinery of publicity, so avid is the public for the unusual, that any "stunter" may reasonably hope to get into the newspapers, and, with luck, into the motion picture news reels.

A brimming measure of genius has gone into the perfection of our modern publicity instrument, which combines wireless, telephone, telegraph, telephoto and the rest. That the human race capable of creating this instrument is capable of using it to report eccentric



Wide World

THE LONE EAGLE'S NEST

The house in which Colonel Lindbergh was born which has been bought by the Swedish Engineering Society of Detroit and will be preserved as a memorial to the famous aviator

trivialities indicates something. One is not sure what.

▸▸*Transchannel Glide*

NOT ALL THOSE who accomplish unusual feats can be called "stunters." The German, Hans Richter, modern Darius Green, with his gliding machine, must be taken seriously.

Richter plans to fly his motorless seagull-shaped craft from Calais to Dover in less than half an hour. He will take off near the spot from which, nineteen years ago, Louis Bleriot, first to cross the English Channel in a heavier-than-air craft, made his historic hop.

Richter, formerly a leading German pilot, believes that airmen of the future will be more like birds than like mechanics; they will depend, not on gasoline, but on skilful use of air currents. In his Channel glider he makes use of air to obtain an automatic forward drive, much as a bird does.

That fine May day on which Richter takes off may be under-scored on the aerial calendar begun December 17, 1903, when Orville Wright made 120 feet in a flight lasting several seconds. Since then, by refuelling, the "Question Mark" has remained aloft more than six days. Without refuelling and without a stop, the Italians Ferrarin and Del Prette have covered 4,600 miles. The duration record, without refuelling, is held by Germany and stands at 65 hours and 25 minutes. Even the seventeen-year-old Elinor Smith has been able to raise the women's endurance record to more than 26 hours.

If gliding has the possibilities Richter believes it to have, records to equal these may someday be piled up without benefit of fuel.

▸▸*Air Lines Multiply*

WHILE HERE and there crowds cheer new distance and endurance record-boosters, the more prosaic and practical weaving of commercial airlines over the face of the world goes on, ever more warmly encouraged by big business. The coming season will see the lines woven appreciably closer.

South America, having received some air-consciousness as well as good-will from Lindbergh, comes in for a considerable share of attention. Plans have been completed for air-mail and passenger lines to extend from Seattle to the Southern continent, possibly from Alaska to Buenos Aires. In the near future a non-stop flight between the United States and Chile will be attempted under the auspices of the American International Airways. In the interest of a new mail route, a flight will be undertaken to Buenos Aires from New York.

England, too, seeks to establish air contact with South America; mail recently was received in London from Buenos Aires, having been transported over the 8,250 miles in eight days by seaplane, airplane, and ship. Britannia proudly announces that she is now directly connected by air routes with France, Italy, Egypt, Greece, and India; that shortly Vienna, Algiers, and

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Marseilles will be brought within a day's flight of London, with Moscow but 33 hours away. Incidentally, she points ahead with pride to the September international air races near Southampton, when 1,000 aircraft, the largest assemblage ever gathered together, are expected to bring spectators from the British Isles and from the Continent.

In the United States, the Transcontinental Air Transport, which has Lindbergh for its spokesman, plans to start forty-eight-hour air-rail service between New York and California this summer. It also plans an all-air service between Columbus, Ohio, and the Pacific Coast. Other projects include a new southern trans-continental line between Washington and Los Angeles, giant metal flying boats, the largest in the world, to ply over the Great Lakes between Detroit, Buffalo, and Cleveland, and, in the east, commuters' services, to carry New Yorkers to and from outlying summer resorts.

➤➤*Debenture Farm Plan*

THE EXPORT DEBENTURE PLAN over which the Senate has been quarreling would, supposedly, create a scarcity of farm products in this country by stimulating exports, thereby boosting the domestic price above the world price to the amount of the debenture. An exporter of a product would be issued a Government debenture amounting to half the tariff on that product. The debenture would be sold to an importer, who would use it in paying duties.

He would, that is, if he could get it at a discount; otherwise, of course, he would pay in cash. Thus, Mr. Hoover points out, not all of the $200,000,000, the estimated annual cost of the plan to the Government, would flow into the farmers' pockets. Among the President's other objections are the fact that the plan would constitute a direct subsidy and the probability that it would stimulate speculation and overproduction, interrupt intelligent diversification of crops, and lead not only to foreign reprisals but to increased taxes.

Even if this plan or one essentially similar could be forced through the Senate, in all likelihood it would fail in the House, which has passed the Hoover-endorsed bill outlined in these columns last week. Or, passing the House, it probably would be vetoed by the President.

The elaborate House bill, then, rather than the simple but dubious debenture bill, apparently affords the one reasonably practicable ground on which to conduct the experiment of assisting the farmer.

➤➤*Speaking of Talking*

AHEAD OF US a battle-line is forming. On one side, the elocutionists; on the other, telephones, telegraphs, typewriters, riveting machines, taxi horns, and the rest of man's noisy contrivances. The issue at stake? The King's English.

Allies rallying to the standard of elocution are the talkies and the radio,

Underwood

BROKEN-HEARTED

Senator Smith W. Brookhart finds Hoover farm program "a million miles away" from campaign pledges

important factors in the future of American speech. Movie stars who wish to survive with the fittest, having added vowel-practice and diaphragm-breathing to their daily routine, begin to speak in leisurely, rounded sentences and say "I am" for "I'm." Radio announcers, too, seek tutelage in A-broadening, and search busily for syllables and words ordinarily dropped from colloquial speech. They have good reason to take their influence seriously, since the olympian American Academy of Arts and Letters has recognized it by awarding a good-diction medal to Milton J. Cross.

Organized on the other side are all the time-saving, distance-killing devices which go to make up our mechanized age. Their effect, says Professor George Pierce Baker of Yale, is to condense our everyday speech, to make it ever more staccato.

The armies seem equally matched; it will be interesting to hear the fray. On the outcome hangs the diction of future generations. Will they be saying elaborately, "It will give me great pleasure to meet you at eight o'clock," or, crisply, "Eight? Right"?

➤➤*National-Origins Plan*

THE IMMIGRATION RESTRICTION LAW of 1924 is working smoothly, is well understood and on the whole satisfactory, and fulfills its obvious purpose. The so-called national-origins plan—designed to make a cross-section of our immigration correspond with a cross-section of our population—would not materially lessen the already small stream of immigration. It would merely alter the stream's source, to the considerable advantage of Great Britain alone, but to the great disadvantage of Germany, the Irish Free State, and the Scandinavian countries. Applied, it would reopen the whole bitter question of restriction, with charges of racial discrimination flying thick and fast, and would displace a restrictive machine which might well be left alone.

Here is reason enough to continue the law as it stands. Yet the new quotas have been proclaimed, and unless Congress repeals the twice-postponed national-origins plan or again defers the date of its application they will go into effect on July 1. The circumstances call for repeal.

➤➤*In Brief*

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES applauds a policeman for killing the driver of a liquor-laden car. Would it also applaud the killing of a liquor-laden Congressman? . . . Like Lee Simonson's thin-legged, modernistic piano, the plan to irrigate the Sahara may mark the death of a simile . . . According to Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Lowman, it's all been a big mistake; the Coast Guard's activities have been quite unobjectionable. So stupid of Canada to make an international issue of the I'm Alone affair, now to be arbitrated . . . It becomes apparent that Marion Talley either will or will not continue to sing . . . Senator Heflin declares that "There

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won't be 30,000 votes cast against me when I run next year," a statement more Heflin than accurate, one trusts . . . Representative McLeod of Michigan finds that insufficient Federal appropriations for highways have "tended to stifle the normal development of the automobile industry." Still, Henry Ford's little Michigan plant has been doing fairly well . . . The University of Chicago was wise to acquire Robert M. Hutchins, 30, as President. Mr. Hutchins's nearness in age to the undergraduates argues that he will be near to them in spirit and understanding . . . "We have within the Nation the taste, skill, and artistic sense" to make Washington a beautiful city, asserts President Hoover. The question is whether we have the taste, skill, and artistic sense to utilize our taste, skill and artistic sense . . . George Bernard Shaw says it is Tunney's good sense that makes him win. And, doubtless, his good left, Mr. Shaw . . . Police Commissioner Whalen of New York believes "absolutely" that when police raided a Birth Control Clinical Research Bureau and seized confidential files their action was "perfectly legal and proper." He also "agrees absolutely with the opinion of the Academy of Medicine that the relationship between patient and physician should forever remain inviolate." This ability to take an absolute stand on both sides of a dispute must be unique.

The Week's Press Opinion

AMBASSADOR GIBSON, mouthpiece of President Hoover and Secretary Stimson at Geneva, must by this time have heard from across the Atlantic Ocean the plaudits of the American press. Not even on this side can be heard a hiss or boo among them. He has spoken for his country and evidently his country thinks he has spoken well.

That is the more remarkable because here in the United States just before he spoke there were Jeremiahs and Cassandras. There was no little cynicism about the seemingly endless discussion of disarmament. Utopians who prated about the scrapping of warships were sneered and laughed at for their futility. What, it was asked, was the use of talking about the reduction of the size and power of navies so long as there was no agreement concerning the freedom of the seas? All our aspirations about renouncing war and its weapons resulted in only vaporings like the Kellogg Pact. Professions of peace sound feeble beside the noise of shipbuilders in Navy Yards.

And suddenly Gibson speaks and the jeers are silenced.

Hopes flare up. Doors open. Courage rises.

One might expect the cynics to say that we had once more been **inveigled** into hobnobbing with the League of Nations, that we were abandoning the policy of a strong defense on the sea, that we had again let our sentimentalism get the better of our sense. Perhaps we shall hear something of the sort later; but we hear nothing of the sort now. Why?

Because, as it appears to the press, Ambassador Gibson has spoken in what we like to think is characteristically American fashion. He has thrown abstract theories and set formulas to the winds, has started from where we are, has picked out a road that others as well as we may travel, and then has set out toward an ideal by what seems to be a practical route. He has taken the signers of the Kellogg Pact at their word and said in substance: We must now build our navies not on the basis of mutual distrust but on the basis of a common renunciation of war. On that basis we can all reduce if we reduce alike.

If the press of America voices American opinion, the people of the United States really want to reduce naval armaments and will make concessions in their opinion as to the best way to do it if the other naval powers will make concessions in their opinions and find with us a common method of reduction.

President Hoover's speech on law enforcement, on the other hand, has evoked a more discordant response. In principle the press agrees with Mr. Hoover, of course, that law should be obeyed and enforced; but—of course the "but" concerns prohibition—chiefly.

Press spokesmen of the extreme wets can be pretty well identified by their editorial comments on the President's speech. They see in it nothing or almost nothing but a preachment about their favorite topic. They ascribe practically all lawlessness to the revolt against sumptuary legislation. On that score newspapers, not at all favorable to Volstead, point out that the United States had a bad reputation for crimes of violence long before prohibition. If prohibition has not emptied our jails, as promised; at least it was not the first to fill them.

The most thoughtful criticism of the President's speech comes from those liberally minded newspapers that prize the liberty of the individual and plead for the maintenance of that American doctrine that Government is established not only to maintain order but to protect rights. Such newspapers as these feel that the President ignored, as a cause of lawlessness, the disposition of American legislators to pass ill-considered laws and to leave unrepealed or unmodified laws that are obsolete or otherwise unjust. Effective law is not that which is made but that which is discovered.

On the whole the press, wet and dry pretty much alike, sees the danger in the disposition of Americans to disregard the laws they do not like and to insist that the laws that protect their respective interests be enforced. The diagnosis of the evil made by the edi-

Remarkable Remarks

If a law is wrong, its rigid enforcement is the surest guarantee of its repeal.—HERBERT HOOVER.

Tammany is actuated by democratic principles and it is characteristic of Democrats after a fight to shake hands and forget it.—JAMES F. CURRY.

It is not graceful to refer to episodes in political history that are not nice and complimentary.—MAYOR WALKER.

The real "hick" towns of the United States are the big cities.—RUTH HANNA MCCORMICK.

You just can't make a politician believe that you might accidentally be on the level.—WILL ROGERS.

This generation is obsessed with sex and dizzy with freedom.—REV. MINOT SIMONS.

I have no fault to find with a man who takes a wet ship because he likes a little toddy.—BISHOP JAMES CANNON.

Light up your life with a smile. Make your home a night club.—TEXAS GUINAN.

How do the taxpayers like the idea of having their money spent getting Warren drunk?—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

There is an old Chinese proverb current among New York reporters, "If Grover Whalen catches anybody that's news."—HEYWOOD BROUN.

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tors is about the same as that by Mr. Hoover. The difference is that there is disagreement about the cure. Those who are most eager for freedom are reminded that liberty depends for its protection on the law; and the habit of treating unpopular law with mockery is perilous. There is some remonstrance against any indictment of the whole people as lacking a sense of responsibility toward the law; but in general the press agrees that the American people need to be aroused and that the President's speech was, as one of the wettest newspapers in the country appropriately calls it, "a bracer."

Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE ARE INCLINED to accept the estimate of "Jack" Garner, the fiery Democratic leader from Texas, that the Capital is more plagued with tariff lobbyists than Egypt was with locusts. We stumble across them wherever we go—in Congressional corridors and committee rooms, in hotel lobbies, in the clubs, in their own elaborate suites and publicity headquarters. We note that the titan of them all—Joseph R. Grundy, president of the Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association—was even granted an interview with President Hoover. We would like to have been present at this meeting between the man who believes a high tariff is the missing commandment and a Chief Executive whose views on this subject are slowly becoming suspect to some of his political supporters. The interview, we submit, was historic. As the courtly and cultured lobbyist—most cartoons malign him—crossed the White House threshold, his face seemed to reflect the realization that his golden age was passing. In the present intra-party tariff controversy, we believe, the G.O.P. stands at the crossroads.

Hoover and Grundy represent two irreconcilable forces struggling for political as well as economic supremacy. The former's insistence that we take thought of our foreign trade in framing a tariff bill was a novel and refreshing attitude for a Republican President. But we doubt if it awakened such a response in Grundy, the man who perfected lobbying into a science. We do not mean to credit the aged Pennsylvanian as the creator of the system or founder of "the third House of Congress." There were lobbyists before him, and they were more picturesque figures, though we doubt if they were as effective.

Grundy's predecessors were men who swarmed into Washington as into a mining camp—with gold in their pockets and greed in their faces. Their crude custom was to rent or purchase, if necessary, a private residence and transform it into a gilded cage wherein they snared Congressmen whose frail ties rendered them susceptible to the pre-prohibition philosophy of protection. Lobbyists and legislators of the old days spent their nights engaged in convivial conspiracies against the consumer.

Grundy, like Mark Hanna, soon saw the advantage of an alliance between industry and politics in these matters. He collected tribute from Pennsylvania manufacturers and distributed his largesse where it would do more good than in the cafés, hotels and oyster bars along Pennsylvania Avenue; he sought to control Congressmen at the source instead of at the stomach, and so he poured his money into county, State and National campaign chests. His contributions to Presidential campaigns average $500,000, we find in the record, and his gifts in off-years reach as high as $300,000. His working agreements with the Mellons, the Vares, the county organizations, the manufacturers and the bosses at Harrisburg make him virtual overlord of Pennsylvania, no matter who holds the empty title of political leader. It was Grundy's word and wealth that counted; he became the Warwick of plate glass, cement, linoleum, pig-iron, and politicians. Except when the Democrats have been in control, he always got what he wanted in the way of duties by merely paying a visit to Washington.

Marcus in the New York Times

It'll take some pitching to retire that trio

There is, in our opinion, another reason for Grundy's failure. Times and tariffs change. He is getting old, and he is slipping. The new school of lobbyists is made up of salesmen rather than politicians; we doubt if many of them know what a primary is. They are smart, businesslike, and convincing young men who try to educate rather than inebriate the Congress. With as much baggage as a theatrical troupe they invaded Washington at the start of the hearings; into the Ways and Means committee room they lugged their exhibits, charts, and blackboards and set them up. One ocular demonstration, we hear, described the silk industry from the writhings of the worm to the swish of the skirt. These non-political agents distributed samples of their products and foreign competitors' goods to every member of Congress. They produced in all about 1,000 witnesses and filled more than thirty volumes with testimony on the need for higher duties. Their spokesmen were economists and statisticians and customs experts, with not a political figure in the crowd. They held seances in the House Office Building under the auspices of their own members of Congress or friends in the House. They established publicity plants with greater facilities than can be found in the city rooms of many metropolitan newspapers. Propaganda flowed through the streets for three months. The literary output was encyclopedic and the cost must have been terrific.

Yet in all this bombardment of bombast there was not a single statement from Grundy. He went his customary way and saw his friends in the House. He seemed to scoff at the motion and methods of these novices at lobbying. Yet we venture that many interests represented by the new-style lobbyists will fare better in the final bill than he will, even though he has shifted his operations to the Senate side. The old-fashioned, cash-and-carry lobbyist, we fear, is as out-of-place in the House Ways and Means committee room as Calvin Coolidge would be around the Hooverized White House.

A. F. C.

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Discipline and Freedom

An Editorial

THERE is nothing surer than that we humans are destined to be disciplined, whether or not we approve of it beforehand, at the time, or afterwards. We have got to get along with the world—to be reconciled, or at least, resigned, to the universe. It will show no complaisance in suiting itself to us. If, through folly or ignorance, we get in the way of natural forces, we are bound to be thrust rudely aside or crushed. No defiance can be hurled with impunity at the laws of physics, chemistry, or even economics. If we are bold to do that, and if we are merely hurt and not annihilated, we then learn a little something and, whimpering, remember not to repeat, at least for a time. We have been disciplined into accord with things as they inexorably are; we have been, to that degree, educated.

The race has never adjusted to the permanencies that form the framework of life with spontaneity or delight. It has done so unwittingly, sadly, sullenly, fatalistically. It has been coerced. The human will has had to be much bent in the process, which has not been a lordly progress except in the eye of the sentimentalist—an eye that sweeps lightly over actuality. Yet it is precisely by reason of shrewd knocks against flinty resistances that we learn—as, indeed, the etymology of the word "discipline" gives us to understand. Derived as it is from the Latin verb *disco,* "I learn," usage gives it the additional meaning of "training through suffering."

Any reflective man realizes, in retrospect, that most of what he has attained in the way of wisdom has emanated out of periods of discipline, whether that has been imposed from without or by himself upon himself. Pain, shame and remorse have chastened him into a more appropriate conduct in the world. Religion early seized upon discipline as a means of grace. It is also a commonplace of history that nations rise to their stature only after having been tried as by fire. To one who has looked into these issues of individual and social evolution the chanting of a hymn to Discipline may well seem like eulogizing the multiplication-table; but if some people were always proclaiming that three times five are twenty—or infinity—one might be excused for calling such arithmetical apostates back to deserted gods.

It is hard for one who has lived through the War period to comprehend that the then-thronged fanes are now so bare and empty. At a pinch, mankind has always rushed back, as it were instinctively, to the tested and tried. Individual and nation, twelve years ago, were subjecting themselves to the severest discipline. Power was lodged in the single hand; civilians submitted to the drill sergeant; elderly men sweated to regain a waning fitness, even bearing bars of iron about on gentle hikes; restaurants rationed sugar; children saved for thrift-stamps; ladies' Saturday morning Browning clubs rolled bandages; bawlers for "freedom" fared forth to Leavenworth. At the pinch, discipline was not allowed to be questioned.

Some parts of the world have always been more or less under the pinch. Pressure, in the older countries, has long been chronic. We Americans have laughed tolerantly or contemptuously or equinely at European regulation, not sensing any pressure. Through our history we have had much free land, incalculable resources, isolation from encroachments. These natural circumstances have made us "free" and "equal." The exploits of invention and science have ever been extending our elbow-room. Since the War, we have been relatively easier than ever. Everybody is owing us something. All this we have lightly accredited to our own high qualities, mainly idealism. There is no pinch in sight. Expansiveness reigns.

So we have become more touchy than ever concerning our liberties. Our talk is of rights, not duties; of freedom, not responsibility, restraint, and discipline. Of a consequence, our enlightenment and education are suffering. We have time and ease to squabble and to proclaim; to run after whimsies, develop cults, imagine companionates, coddle criminals, spend like drunken sailors, defy law, and be "open-minded." In the general undiscipline of our thinking and, since undisciplined minds cannot be intelligently critical, we are childishly hospitable to the social medicine-man. Our vast tolerance we impute to ourselves as a virtue characteristic of lovers of freedom. In literature and art, the word of power is "unconstraint." It is "puritanical" (a term of vituperation, now) to adhere to canons of verse, draughtsmanship, or propriety in general. Education is being enfranchised, from the kindergarten up, under the guidance of special shamans. When there shall be no more discipline there, and the teacher is, at length, amputated from the body pedagogic as an excrescence, then will enlightenment dawn. In education there is much "arranging" of things—a free occupation; and school-mastering—a slavish job—is obsolescent. In religion, any old form of good intentions or social service is coming to be current coin. There is no pinch. The golden light of prosperity plays over us all; and now we are entitled to be blessed for some years to come. A higher tariff on onions assures us of that. Washington is populous with those who have rushed down there to protect us. We are safe and free. We render thanks.

But the fact is that all the institutions we live by are the products of limitation, not of freedom. Society could not have begun to evolve if each could have made free with his neighbor's horse, or ass, or wife. Government has been discipline; and the profoundest discipline of all has been religion. Law and order are the rule of the universe; and liberty under law is the only safe type of freedom. This has been the implacable formula of the ages, and it is unlikely to be reversed all at once. Man has got ahead because he has surpassed all competitors in the art of adjustment to life-conditions. Adjustment calls for the utmost rigor of mental and moral discipline. Freedom is good, if it is under law; it is the law that is basic, primordial.

A. G. KELLER.

Where Is Mankind Going?

The distinguished contributors to this weekly editorial page constitute not only our list of witnesses to the progress of existence, but its interpreters as well. Professor Keller, widely known as a sociologist, is professor of social science at Yale University. Edmund B. Chaffee, Director of the Labor Temple in New York City, will be the next contributor

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"Business as Usual"

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

The basic facts and events which underlie the trend of business are presented in this weekly financial page. Mr. Gammack is one of the well-known younger men in Wall Street

GRAPHIC words such as "boom" and "crisis" occur so frequently in financial and industrial discussions that the average man cannot be blamed for believing that business conditions shift drastically in comparatively brief periods of time. Economists, however, believe that the difference between a "boom" and "a serious depression" may amount to only about ten per cent measured in terms of industrial activity.

It is also true that the fundamental trend of business is little affected by events that on the surface seem menacing. This was well illustrated a few days ago by the announcement of the formation of the American I. G. Chemical Corporation for the purpose of marketing German chemical products in the United States. Because of the powerful interests involved, the news was of great interest in itself, but it was particularly striking because it followed so closely after the first definite reports that the Debt Conference in Paris was due to fail, appearing on the very day that the mark broke thirteen points to a new low.

The breakdown of the Conference was discouraging to all business men, both in Europe and this country, but it might have been expected to have a particularly depressing effect on German export prices. With the whole reparation question in the air, Germany will find it difficult indeed to borrow from the United States the funds it presumably will need. Sponsors of the American I. G. Chemical Corporation realized all this and they could, if they had chosen, have postponed the announcement of the concern's formation. They not only issued the announcement, however, but at the same time offered $30,000,000 worth of debentures to American investors.

The Chemical Corporation directors include four of the highest ranking financiers in the United States, namely: Walter C. Teagle, President of the Standard Oil Company in New Jersey, Charles E. Mitchell, Chairman of The National City Bank of New York, Paul Warburg, Chairman of the International Acceptance Bank, and Edsel B. Ford, son of Henry Ford and President of Ford Motor Company. That these four leaders and their associates should have launched their company and borrowed funds so heavily from the public at this time indicates how comparatively unimportant they consider any political upset. They undoubtedly take the point of view that negotiations between the Germans and the Allied financial authorities will be resumed shortly, and that some sort of an agreement will be reached.

THE $30,000,000 worth of debentures were promptly absorbed by the investing public, which shows that they, too, refused to be disturbed by any temporary setbacks in final liquidation of the War Liabilities.

From the point of view of the public, the most interesting feature of the American I. G. Chemical Corporation is the fact that Edsel Ford is one of its directors. This is the first time that any member of the Ford family has taken an official business position in any company outside of Ford Motor Company and its subsidiaries. No one knows just why Mr. Ford and his son have refused to take the directorships that have been considered normal for leading industrialists and no one knows why they have changed their policy. It may be, however, that the Fords have taken a more friendly attitude toward investment bankers as a group and that they will take an increasing interest in other companies and securities than their own. The tremendous popularity of the stocks of the Ford Motor Company of Great Britain, of France, of Belgium, and of Holland may have made them realize for the first time the enormous profits to be obtained from underwriting. British Ford stock sold for a price as much as five times that at which it was offered, and there has been similar appreciation in the Continental Ford stocks. On the other hand, the Fords may have taken an interest in American I. G. simply because they wish to improve the quality and lower the price of chemical products of which they, as automobile manufacturers, are big consumers.

The financial district is impressed to see Mr. Mitchell on the board, for he has seldom become a member of any corporation not related to banking. Mr. Teagle's membership indicates that the company will push its process of the extraction of gasoline from coal, which is now in the late experimental stages. Mr. Warburg's membership, because of his influential position, was almost inevitable.

The public should be pleased at the opportunity to buy fine German chemical products, but domestic dye companies may not relish the competition ahead of them. The engineering resources which developed the great I. G. of Germany (the I. G. Farbenindustrie Aktiengesellschaft of Frankfort-on-the-Main) will be at the service of its American prototype.

ANOTHER illustration of the comparative indifference of the financial world to temporary obstacles is the volume of new securities offered in the first quarter of 1929. This was a period of high money rates and irregular security markets, but the offerings nevertheless were substantially larger than they were last year. They amounted to practically $1,980,000,000. Offerings for the first three months of 1928 totaled about $1,777,000,000.

Group figures of 1929's first quarter financing, as compiled by the National Service Board, are as follows:

Automobile and accessories	$29,368,930
Aviation	89,870,005
Building materials	7,739,417
Business and store equipment	2,425,000
Chemicals and drugs	41,295,250
Coal, coke, &c.	20,000,000
Construction and contracting	30,650,000
Financial investment trusts, &c	626,943,200
Food products	39,920,500
Glass and pottery	1,480,000
Lumber	6,650,000
Machinery	60,690,940
Metals	40,880,700
Oil	142,787,500
Perfumes and toilet articles	3,025,000
Printing, publishing	17,520,500
Public utilities	387,677,400
Pulp and paper	14,195,180
Radio and accessories	12,100,000
Railroads	62,488,000
Restaurants and supplies	7,683,750
Rubber	1,000,000
Shipping	7,000,000
Sporting goods and military	10,750,000
Stone and clay products	11,825,000
Stores	31,721,750
Textiles	10,371,800
Tobacco	3,943,000
Wearing apparel	12,477,500
Miscellaneous industrial & mfg.	27,696,000
Canada corporate	85,114,125
Other foreign corporate	96,950,000
Other foreign govt. & municipal	35,750,000
Total	$1,979,989,547

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Beethoven: A Biography

By ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

In the first three installments of his biography Mr. Schauffler described the early years of Beethoven's career and his rise to a pre-eminent place as composer and piano virtuoso. In this section he carries forward the story of the master's life and his struggle to free music from the bonds of enslaving tradition

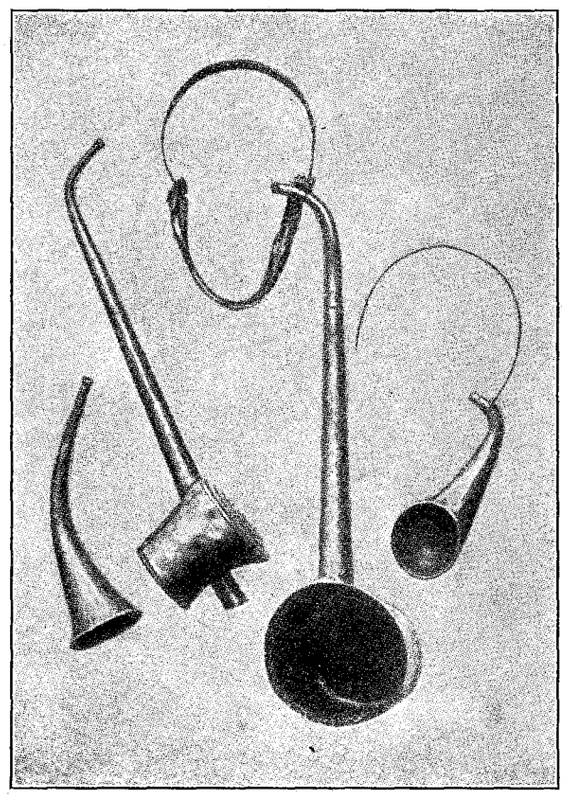
"I AM not at all satisfied with my work so far, and I mean to make a fresh start from today." According to Czerny, Beethoven said these words to Krumpholz, his faithful factotum, not long before the appearance of the three piano sonatas,[1] the first two of which were published early in 1803. This resolution ushered in the second period of his creative life. He probably took it after the actual composition of the first two of these sonatas.[2]

The new phase begins with the E flat major sonata,[3] the *scherzo* and *finale* of which should be grouped with the two sets of variations he wrote immediately afterwards.[4] Of these variations Beethoven wrote to his publishers, Breitkopf and Härtel: "Both are handled in an entirely new manner . . . usually I hardly realize when my ideas are new, and hear of it first from others; but in this instance I can myself assure you that I have done nothing in the same manner before."

The novelty of this style consisted in bringing back into his piano works the elements of virtuosity which had recently been subordinated to the direct poetic expression of emotion. But here virtuosity and poetry were so fused as to form not two elements but one. To the mind of the writer, the limpid, almost ecstatic beauty of the E flat may be a possible commentary on the exaltation into which this titan now fought his way after struggling with despair.

At any rate, a period of almost unbelievable fertility followed, pushing Beethoven's private life to the wall. He literally had no time to live outside the kingdom of heaven that was within him.

April 5, 1803, is a momentous date in the history of music. On that day, at the Theater an der Wien he brought to a hearing the wealth of works he had created or finished within the single year. But *what* a hearing! We moderns find it hard to realize our good fortune in having the C minor concerto played by Gieseking on a modern concert grand, with Stokowski and the Philadelphia orchestra, or Toscanini and the Philharmonic. We scarcely appreciate the privilege of listening to an orchestra which has been daily rehearsed and has been rigorously weeded out and recruited from among the best players in the world. Between a concert by such an organization and that of April 5, 1803, there is a shocking contrast.



BEETHOVEN'S HEARING INSTRUMENTS
Made for him by Maelzel who invented the metronome

The solo part of the C minor concerto was played on a miserable little box of wires, hardly more sonorous than a spinet. The virtuoso was Beethoven himself, whose deafness and creativeness had already made sad inroads on his technic. There had not been even time for him to write out his own part. He played it from a few sheets of self-invented musical shorthand.

The orchestra was a hastily improvised affair, recruited from the highways and hedges for this occasion only. It had to appear without even a single completely adequate rehearsal. In such circumstances a smaller person than Beethoven would have been disheartened. But this man was sustained by his prophetic vision and the knowledge that he was working for distant generations. Born into a day of small things, he helped the day to expand by giving it creations beyond the scope of its available means of expression. So it was literally forced to improve these means, and thus to grow with them. This is a method much used by emancipators of humanity.

The concert programs of those days were of such stupendous proportions that they could be digested only by an audience of musical ostriches. This program included the First and Second symphonies, the C minor piano concerto[5] and a whole oratorio, "The Mount of Olives."

To aggravate matters, the general rehearsal began at eight on the morning of the performance. Ries reported it a terrible occasion. By half past two everybody was exhausted and more or less disgruntled. In this crisis Lichnowsky proved himself every inch a prince. Dispatching an emergency call to a caterer, he saved the day with free sandwiches and wine. Thereafter things went better.

The concert was a success, and brought Beethoven 1800 gulden. But the press proved none too favorable, complaining especially that the Second symphony was a labored striving for originality. The *finale*, which sounds so harmless to us today, seemed to the ears of 1803 an outrageous straining after novelty at any price. One critic likened it to "a repulsive monster, a wounded

1. Op. 31.
2. There is nothing revolutionary in the light-hearted G major with its Haydnish *Adagio grazioso*. Nor is the tragic D minor—the "Recitative" sonata—more than a bridge to the suburbs of the second period.
3. Op. 31, No. 3.
4. Op. 34 and Op. 35.
5. Op. 37.

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dragon, throwing its unwieldy body about, and lashing wildly with its tail as it stiffens in its death agony."[1]

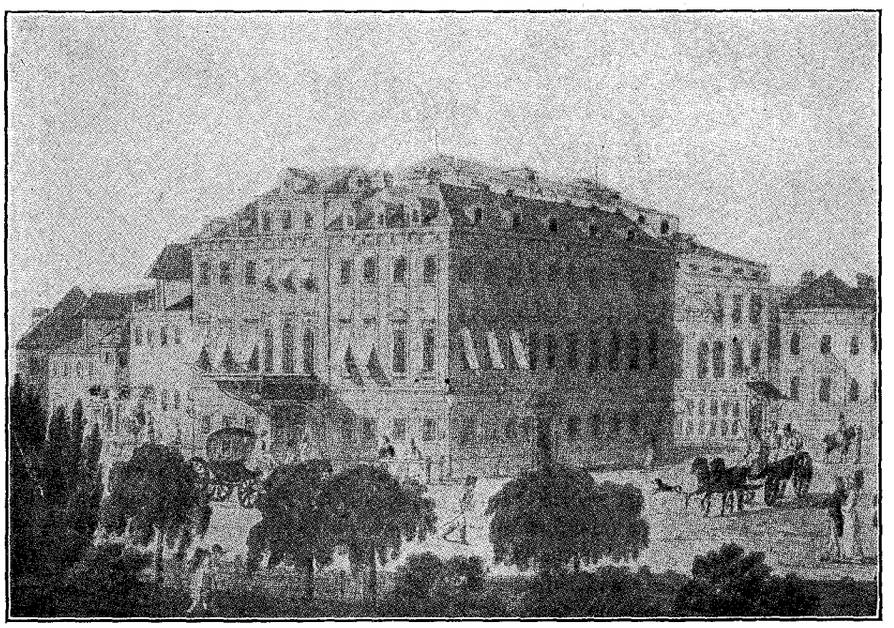
It seems hardly possible that only a year could have separated the Second symphony[2] from the First. In the First everything spoke of Haydn, Mozart, the rococo, and the gropings of an apprentice hand. In the Second, Haydn and Mozart began to blow faintly as the horns of elfland. The color was glowing, the outlines sure. It was a frontier work, with one foot on the formal Eighteenth and the other on the romantic Nineteenth Century slope of the great divide. Here first we see Beethoven touching a prelude upon the mature instrument which was to sound the universal chords of the Third, Fifth and Ninth symphonies.

He was now well away on his "fresh start." Soon his growing momentum was to carry him into one of the most consistently and superbly creative periods that any artist has ever known.

Alternating through the story of the arts run the rhythms of two opposing but complementary impulses: classicism and romanticism. One is the architectonic, clarifying, the other is the adventurous, enriching impulse.

The writer knows no clearer description of the workings of the law of periodicity in art than the one given by Dr. Daniel Gregory Mason.[3] "For a while it [art] develops its power of synthesis until it is able to present a few simple factors of effect in clear, salient unity. This is what is called a period of classicism. Then, dissatisfied with its attainment, desiring a richer reflection of the great whirl of experience, it reaches out after novel effects: its vision is for a while more extended than clear, and, presenting many effects which it cannot yet unify, it becomes brilliant, suggestive, fragmentary, turgid, inchoate. There has been a sacrifice of the old simple clarity for a richer chaos, or, in the trite terminology, a romantic movement. Now, however, technical skill and synthetic power of thought again advance and a new and complexer order supervenes on the temporary confusion. Unity of effect is regained, art is classic once more (but with increased wealth of meaning), and the time is ripe for another burst of romanticism."

To make Dr. Mason's explanation more vivid, we might think of the romanticist as the child who finds the house stuffy, runs out to romp on the sunny beach and wanders far, having all kinds of strange and wonderful experiences, until he falls into a quicksand. And the classicist is his learned father, the renowned professor, who pulls the lad out and carries him home to bed. Thereupon he empties the little pockets and discovers—among the bits of kelp and sea-urchins and curious pebbles and shreds of jellyfish—three or four absolutely new and priceless specimens to add to his incomparable, but somewhat dusty, shell collection. It is exactly the impulse he needs, and he gets out the feather duster and sets to work with renewed enthusiasm.



THEATER AN DER WIEN
Where the first two symphonies made their debut

It is good to realize that these two are quite necessary to one another. For, if the man steadies and saves the lad, the lad freshens the man up and enriches his life.

Beethoven embodied in his one person the ideals of both classicism and romanticism, and held the balance true between them. He was at once the eternal sage and the eternal youth. If any artist of any sort can ever be said to have brought one age to a close and inaugurated the next, Beethoven was that artist. More than any other one man's, his influence ended the rococo period of classicism in music and created the romanticism with which we are familiar. Indeed, this was so largely his unaided achievement, that the younger movement should, perhaps, be called, not romanticism, but Beethovenism.

In the rococo age, form was all in all —beautiful, smoothly rounded, superficial form, which covered with fashionable éclat no little poverty of content and of emotion; graceful form which harmonized with the frivolous elegance of gentry, blind and insensible to the misery of the masses.

Then the revolution exploded. "Liberty, equality and fraternity" was projected in splashes of blood and fire across the heavens of Europe and America. The fierce revulsion called romanticism set in. Led by such hotheaded young æstheticians as Tieck, Schlegel and Novalis, the romanticists proposed, in the interests of liberty, to cast form into outer darkness and set up emotion in its place.

"Down with the Bastille of form!" they shrieked. "Long live content, as determined by the personal emotions of the artist!" In the impetuous way of young radicals, they began by drawing up into a program the articles of their faith. They had no notion they themselves were proposing that the plow should precede the ox. For the gospel according to art commences, not "In the

1. The "Kreutzer" sonata (Op. 47) is less a sonata than a sort of double concerto for violin and piano, without orchestra. It was written directly after this concert. An occasional work, it was composed at the request of the eminent mulatto violinist, Bridgetower, for his concert in May, 1803. The exciting tarantelle-like *finale* had been made the year before for the A major sonata. But Beethoven recognized that it did not belong there. He plucked it from that ugly duckling as if it were a bunch of pure gold tail-feathers. So late was he in finishing the work that the frantic Bridgetower had to read the variations at sight on the platform, from Beethoven's hopelessly blind manuscript. Beethoven promised Bridgetower the dedication of this sonata. Then he quarreled with him "over a girl," and inscribed the work instead to the eminent violinist, Rudolph Kreutzer. But Kreutzer could never bring himself to play it because he felt that it was so "outrageously unintelligible"!
2. Op. 36.
3. "From Grieg to Brahms:" 1927, p 217 ff.

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beginning was the word," but "In the beginning was the deed." The laws of art are deduced from works of art; not *vice versa*.

Those terrible infants of romanticism made very much the mistake which was repeated in America, more than a century later, by the so-called Imagistes. With pomp and circumstance Tieck and his friends announced their great deeds to the world before the fact. As Herr Ernest phrases it, they "proclaimed formlessness as the one law of form, and believed that by this denial of the old they had already created something new. One forgot, or ignored, the fact that true originality consists not in being different from others, but in being wholly in harmony with one's self." And so it comes that we are to-day more interested in what Tieck, Schlegel and Amy Lowell have to say about other artists than we are in their original work.

Great creators almost never spring from the ranks of the violent revolutionists or of the crustacean conservatives. They are not, as Pope expressed it,

> . . . the first by whom the new are tried,
> Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

Their home is with truth, somewhere near the golden mean.

Beethoven grew up amid the hard-shell formalism of the classical age. He was almost six years old when the Liberty Bell gave forth that first peal of romanticist music from the belfry of Independence Hall, in Philadelphia. He was almost nineteen when the Bastille fell with a crash heard 'round the world. His early manhood welcomed with enthusiasm the rousing call of the French Revolution.

But he kept his head. He steered his artistic career successfully between Scylla and divine Charybdis. On the one hand, he realized the shortcomings of the feudal and aristocratic past. On the other, he perceived that the æsthetic philosophy of the extreme "reds," if carried to a logical conclusion, would end in obliterating the frontier between art and nature—would, in fact, destroy the very things that make art art.

He saw too, very clearly, the contradiction into which Tieck and his comrades fell when they acknowledged freedom and the emotion of the unconscious as the sources of all art, and then proceeded to fetter themselves by laying down conscious, *a priori* principles to be followed in their own subsequent creative work.

Beethoven's chief contribution lay in harmonizing these two extremes. He dug the old forms out of their rut, remolding them nearer to the age's need. And he instinctively felt that the age's need coincided with his own heart's desire. As we have before remarked, he never consciously strove for originality. Any one who assumes the air of having said or done the unique, is usually self-deluded. The Master's uniqueness came of itself when he set the old forms free for the reception of a more profound charge of sincere and personal emotion than they had ever felt. The music was new, not because it deliberately tried for novelty, but because nearly every bar of it was freely saturated with his unique and powerful personality.

NAPOLEON I, WHOSE EARLY CAREER INSPIRED BEETHOVEN TO BEGIN THE EROICA

Although Beethoven had had almost no formal schooling, this personality of his was laid out on a broader intellectual scale than can be found in any of his forerunners. These men had usually been servants. They had taken an interest in little besides their own "shop."

Beethoven's interest embraced the universe. "There is no dissertation," he once wrote pompously to his publishers, "which would be too learned for me. Without setting up the smallest pretension to real learning, I have from childhood on always endeavored to grasp the significance of the better things and of the wise productions of every age. Shame on any artist who does not feel himself obliged to do at least as much!"

Standing at the junction of two epochs, Beethoven became the leading spirit of each. His romanticism made him the greatest of the classicists, for it inspired him to play Pygmalion to the plaster casts of music, and flush them with the warmth of his own superb vitality. At the same time his classicism made him the greatest of the romantics: for it led him to temper the fantastic excesses of the young extremists into a reasonable working philosophy, of far-reaching influence.

More than any other leading figure in the history of the arts, Beethoven was responsible for that mystical marriage between two opposed systems of æsthetics wherein, as Herr Ernest expresses it, "each yielded up something of its own nature so that they might unite into a single new and higher form of being."

THE UNCONSCIOUS MIND of a musical genius can usually be counted upon to create something more universal than any concrete poetic idea which his conscious mind may happen to associate with his music.

In 1803 young Europe regarded Napoleon I as its Messiah and apostle of liberty, very much as it was destined for a short time, one hundred and fifteen years later, to regard Woodrow Wilson. It was in this year that Beethoven began his third sonata for orchestra. He called it the "Eroica," or "Heroic" symphony.[1] In it he intended to celebrate the personality of the Corsican, but before he had finished one page the music had shot far above the levels of a work about any one personality. So that when, angered by Napoleon's imperial ambitions, Beethoven later struck his name from the title page of the completed symphony, he made the music not less, but more, true to itself. For the "Eroica" is laid out on a vast scale. Its program, if program there must be, aims at nothing less than an apotheosis of the heroic in mankind.

1. Op. 55.

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Even now some guides to musical appreciation are positive that the Funeral March dealt with the death of the English General Abercrombie at the battle of Alexandria. Others claim that it had to do with the false report of Nelson's death at Aboukir. But even supposing that Beethoven had had either of these men in mind (which is not so), it would prove nothing against the generic quality of the music.

Earlier critics of course took the symphony with extreme literalness. Lenz was convinced that the thirty-two great bangs in the syncopated portion of the development of the first movement meant that the hero, whoever he was, perished like Cæsar in the Capital of thirty-two dagger thrusts!

Oulibischeff recognized in the first movement the galloping of Napoleonic squadrons and felt sure they had arrived in Egypt by the time the development had been reached, because its Episode was surely "a tune of oriental coloring."

It is a matter of fact that when, in 1821, Beethoven heard of Napoleon's passing at St. Helena, he remarked with the satisfaction of a successful seer: "I composed the music for that sad event some seventeen years ago." But, like his critics, the composer was mistaken. His music passed far beyond the bounds of any one sad event. His unconscious mind had builded better than he knew.

But does it really matter what concrete image the Master's conscious mind played with, as long as his unconscious gave us something that so far transcends any poetic image? Richard Wagner spoke more modestly and more truly than any who have commented on this symphony: "In none but the Master's language of tones could be expressed that inexpressible which words may manage to indicate with only the utmost embarrassment and difficulty."

As we shall presently see, the theme of the *finale* was probably the germ of the entire work.[1]

In a liberal sense of the term, the whole symphony is simply one gigantic set of variations, including the *finale's* set as a smaller wheel within its enormous one. Since Beethoven himself wrote the label "Eroica" on the fly-leaf of the symphony, we may legitimately designate its opening tune as the Hero theme:

Ex. 1 ***Allegro con brio.***

This heroic tune, which appositely consists of a bugle call transposed into the baritone register, can be traced, under various appropriate disguises, in every movement. It runs throughout the work as one of the early instances of the germ-motive, though far more ingeniously varied than when we met with that invention in the "Sonate Pathétique."

It reappears in the Funeral March in bars 87-92, rhythmically distorted and divided up between the first and second horns.

In the syncopated second theme of the *scherzo,* we have it again, bolshevized and roughly handled.

Ex. 2

And as for the *finale,* if one will half shut that which in the inner ears corresponds to the outer eyelids, and will hum the first five measures of the "Prometheus" theme of the variations, the general outline will be immediately recognized.

Ex. 3

The fact that Beethoven used this theme in his "Prometheus" ballet as early as 1801 certainly indicates that this may very probably have been the germ of the "Eroica." Although the "Prometheus" tune at first seems to us like an elaboration of the germ-motive the writer is inclined to believe that Beethoven in reality worked backwards, and arrived at Ex. 1 by cutting (full) bars 2 and 3 out of Ex. 3.[2]

It may, of course, be objected that Beethoven did not mean a large part of these subtle imitations and analogies—that they were merely accidental. But it is hard to believe that such a mighty improvisator could have overlooked many of the possibilities of his chief subjects, especially of such well-worked and often used material as the "Prometheus" tune.

The artist Mahler has related how he once heard the composer improvise for two hours on the closing portion of the "Eroica" *finale.* Could so great an expert in the development of subjects have failed to experiment, for instance, with telescoping the Prometheus theme? Could he have neglected to try it in the minor, reversed, inverted, or scherzified? It seems highly improbable.

That the "Eroica" could have been written, as it was written, only one year after the Second Symphony is hardly credible. It burst upon the world with the abruptness of an exploding mine. The first three movements were overwhelmingly new phenomena. Nothing like the broad lines or the terrific intensities of the first movement had yet been known. Creating it must have been a stupendous experience. Indeed, as one surveys the battleground of the "Sketch Books," one seems to discern a heroic form locked in struggle with a huge winged figure, and to catch the desperate cry: "I will not let thee go except thou bless me!" Whatever else from the Master's hand may have aged, these measures are as fresh and luminous with terrible light as the day they were finished.

No such poignant and noble funeral march as the second movement had ever been heard, nor has ever been heard.

A really startling novelty was the introduction of the first of those tremendous *scherzos* which constituted perhaps the most original, individual and epoch-making contribution which Beethoven made to the form of music.

It was, of course, an unusual proceeding to end a symphony with variations. But a more momentous innovation was the poetic and symbolic significance attained by the Master in mixing their unheard-of colors on his new orchestral

1. Beethoven composed it in 1801, as the chief tune in his "Prometheus" Ballet. When, two years later, he began to create the symphony of heroism, it was natural for him first of all to revert to his own treatment of the heroic legend.

2. In his book Mr. Schauffler presents a most complete and ingenious musical proof both of this derivation and of the extended use of the Hero theme and other germ-motives in unifying the "Eroica" thematically. The editors regret that this discussion is too long to be included here.

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palette, and by vividly individualizing the different instruments.

The most revolutionary thing of all was the liberation he gave sonata-form in the first movement. Here Beethoven freed it for the reception of a more consistent, closely knit logic and a deeper, more poignant emotion than it had ever before known.

From the musician's standpoint, the crowning invention consisted in fusing the sonata-form movement into an absolutely organic unity. Before Beethoven such a movement had been more like a book of short stories with a connecting thread of interest. At one clap, he turned it into a novel so highly organized and closely reasoned that you would mar it by canceling "half a line." And exactly as he unified the sonata-form movement, he unified the symphony itself. He found it an anthology. He left it an epic. These were the changes which the emancipator had to accomplish in order that musical romanticism might be freed to deliver its direct message.

Amateur contemporary criticism did not like the "Eroica." During the first performance a lamentable howl became audible from the peanut gallery: "I'd give another *kreutzer* if it would stop!"

The press was no more favorable. It complained that the work was grotesque, bizarre, and lacking in all unity. This is exactly what the press, which lives for the moment, complains, oftener than not, about epoch-making masterpieces. In spite of the fact that the *finale* is not so great as the other sublime movements of the "Eroica," we now know that no work so closely knit, so consistently organic and incandescent with Promethean fire had ever before been written in symphonic form.

We have seen how Beethoven began to free music from its more or less menial position as satellite of fashion, and to reveal it as an independent world. He did this in part by transforming and liberating its chief forms so that they might be hospitable to the profoundest emotion and intellect of humanity.

It is, of course, true that in the preceding century, Johann Sebastian Bach had poured his mighty intellect and emotion freely into such forms as his early day offered. He had made so many bold departures from the established harmonic rules, for example, that nearly all modern harmony is to be found in his pages. But his influence was slight until after Beethoven, the Martin Luther of music, had nailed his theses upon that portal of the future, the "Eroica" symphony. For the older man was neglected until so long after his death that the boldness of Beethoven won authority with young composers long before the boldness of Bach. Strangely enough, the contemporaries of the latter regarded him as a pedantic throwback to an earlier age. And, though a small portion of his work was familiar to Beethoven, and had a certain influence upon him, Bach remained almost unknown to the world until Mendelssohn had preached for years the gospel according to J. S. B.

Handel was limited by his predominant interest in the more restricted field of vocal music. The beginnings of intellectual and emotional freedom may be traced here and there in the greater works of Haydn and Mozart. But, even if they had the latent capacity, these masters were too handicapped by their dependent positions below the salt at noblemen's tables, to cut an important figure as emancipators.

Perhaps Beethoven could not have succeeded in the formidable task of socially reconstructing the musician had he not been enough of a psychologist to appreciate the reasons for its difficulty. A letter written to nephew Karl two years before his death shows his shrewd realization of how the top dog instinctively opposes the rise of the under dog. "These so-called grand gentlemen do not relish seeing an artist, who is otherwise their equal, also well-to-do."

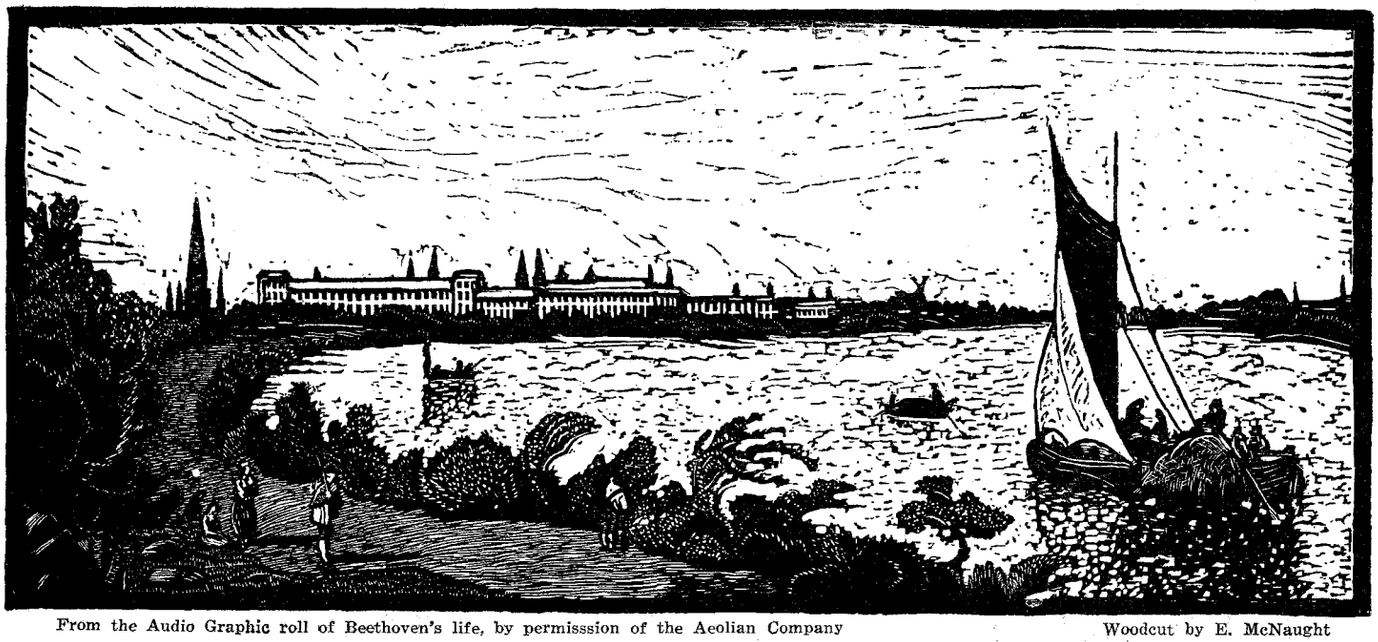
Beethoven was once advised by his pupil, Ferdinand Ries, of two consecutive fifths which the young fellow had discovered in the C minor quartet. At first Beethoven denied their existence. But, confronted with the score, he inquired: "Well, who has forbidden consecutive fifths?"

"Marpurg, Fux . . . . all the authorities on theory."

"Well," answered Beethoven, "I allow them thus." By which he meant: "when used as I have used them here."

In the authoritative accents of this new lawgiver, there is an echo of the way in which Jesus sometimes talked to his disciples. One is reminded that Bee-

(*Please Turn to Page 76*)



From the Audio Graphic roll of Beethoven's life, by permisssion of the Aeolian Company Woodcut by E. McNaught

BONN IN BEETHOVEN'S TIME, SHOWING THE ELECTORAL PALACE

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

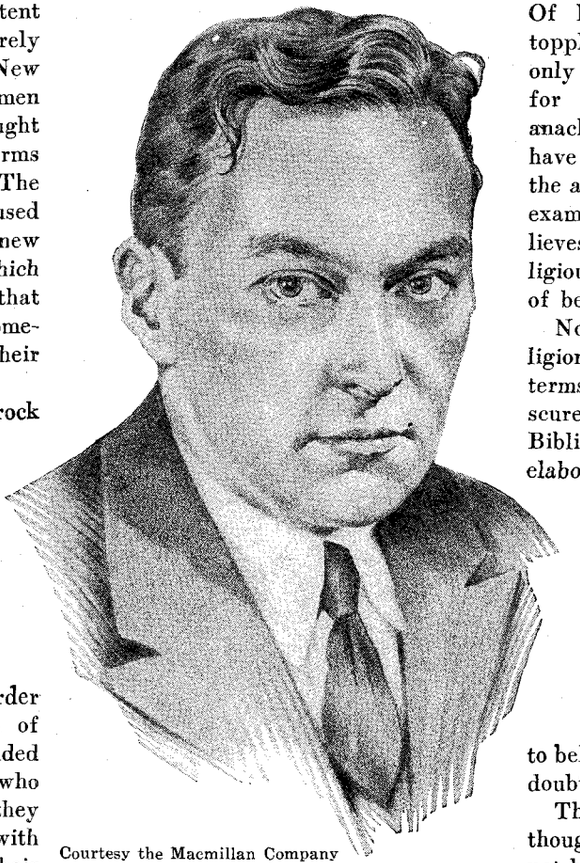
On Which Rock?

A Preface to Morals. By WALTER LIPPMANN: Macmillan. $2.50. Published May 1.

THIS is a book which will create envy in the hearts of many men. For it is the book which every intelligent man would have wished some time in his life to write. The statement implies no disparagement of Mr. Lippmann's originality nor of the extent of his accomplishment. It is merely that the distinguished editor of the New York "World" has done what many men have dreamed of doing: he has thought through his philosophy of life in terms of the world he sees about him. The result is a clarification of confused doubts, a realistic approach to the new problems of religion and conduct, which touches all men beset by a feeling that old values have shifted and that something must be evolved to take their place.

Briefly, for Mr. Lippmann, the rock upon which the Christian world is built—faith that life is ordered according to the divine will of an omnipotent God—has been worn away by the acids of modernity pouring upon it. On which rock shall the world be built anew? How shall those to whom the old order is no longer valid find a new goal, a new "will," by which to order their lives? That is the concern of his inquiry. "It is not intended to disturb the serenity of those who are unshaken in the faith they hold, and it is not concerned with those who are still exhilarated by their escape from some stale orthodoxy. It is concerned with those who are perplexed by the consequences of their own irreligion." It is addressed to the man who has lost "his sense of being completely engaged with the world, with all his passions and all his faculties in rich harmonies with each other, and in deep rhythm with the nature of things. These are the gifts of a vital religion which can bring the whole of a man into adjustment with the whole of his relevant experience." But they are gifts denied the man who has lost that deep, abiding faith in the final authority of Christian dogma which formerly held the rock securely to its foundations. The reluctant unbeliever gropes somewhat blindly for a satisfaction which once grew naturally enough out of his faith in a divinely ordered universe. He, Mr. Lippmann makes plain, is not the man who will not believe, but the man who, with the best will in the world, cannot believe.

Something less than half his book the author devotes to examining what is, for



Courtesy the Macmillan Company

WALTER LIPPMANN
A drawing by Rafael

him, the failure of the conventional religion to satisfy. But there have been ages of doubt before, when light descended again to envelop the world with new assurance that God's in his heaven. Perhaps we, too, are waiting only for a sign. Mr. Lippmann does not believe so, and he spreads forth his reasons for imagining that this time nothing like the old religion will return to comfort us.

This time we have not only lost our theology; we have altered the life about us which made a theocratic religion seem natural and reasonable. Until recently monarchy has been the rule of nations. From the tribal chieftain to the powerful emperor, there has always been an earthly succession pyramiding toward a ruler who stood at the apex of the social scheme. What more natural, then, than to imagine that the king himself was only God's vice regent on earth? That above him stood a great and all-powerful emperor who was ruler not only over many nations but over all? Of late years the kings have been toppling: even those who remain exist only by the suffrage of men and women for whom "subjects" is already an anachronism. Republics like our own have grown up, utterly divorced from the analogy of theocratic religion. The example is gone, and Mr. Lippmann believes that its loss has made the religious order it reflected more difficult of belief.

Nor does he believe that the old religion can be revitalized by definition in terms of symbolism. Explaining obscure, distasteful, or unreasonable Biblical passages by a technique of elaborate interpretation destroys their unique authority. For in no man—no Protestant, at least—is the authority vested to say, if the Bible is not to be accepted literally, just what it may mean. A passage may be interpreted one way in one pulpit; across the street another minister may find a different meaning. Which is a man to believe? Wondering, he must finally doubt both.

The way out of all this chaos of thought, Mr. Lippmann believes, will not be shown by a sign. We must find our own way, and his is through the acceptance of a larger humanism. It is not a new philosophy, he hastens to assure us, but one which the great sages, whether fervent Christians or not, have already tested. It is "high religion," a "religion of the spirit," as these sages say; "matured personality," in the idiom of the psychologists—a disinterestedness of the individual which accustoms him not only to put away selfish things, but to learn, in the end, what he should desire and be happy in it. It is that quality which finally brings him into harmony with his universe.

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All this, of course, presupposes a contemplative life to a certain extent. It demands men who, like Mr. Lippmann, have thought through their world and come to an understanding with it. If the moralist objects that although this may be good for intelligent men it will give no authority over the crowd which has never been led by philosophy but by signs and symbols alone, Mr. Lippmann answers that he is only pointing the need for new signs and symbols. Before they can be selected, the leaders of the crowd must first come to agreement upon their own ideas. "The ultimate question is not how the populace is to be ruled, but what the leaders are to think. That is the question that has to be settled first: it is the preface to everything else."

And so Mr. Lippmann has constructed what he conceives to be a preface to the new morality—the new ethics. His is an attempt to clear away old, outmoded concepts and to set forth candidly the new problem of religion and conduct in all its aspects. He has pointed out what he believes to be the rock; he leaves for others to work out finally the preachments which are to be cried from it.

There is a fine earnestness in Mr. Lippmann's argument which recommends it immediately to the most serious consideration. It will find the more ready audience, perhaps, because, despite the scholarliness of his study, its author is no specialist in any of the immediately interested fields of knowledge which might have visualized such a book "in the line of duty." He is not a churchman, and therefore can speak openly of the church without apologizing for it; he is not a professional unbeliever and so can set forth what he conceives to be Christianity's deficiencies without the petty insults which would instantly have vitiated his conclusions; he is not a psychologist, and is therefore unhampered by a dialectic and a terminology which might render his argument obscure save to students. The result, therefore, is a lucid, stimulating, almost, one might say, commonsense discussion of a problem which, in the last analysis, is the most important consideration of life because it is the guiding spirit of life. One need not agree with either the major premise or the conclusions to recognize the value of the discussion. Nor will it, I think, give offense to those whose faith is still strong within them. Rather, it should fire them with new zeal to revaluate their own belief. And those who stand with Mr. Lippmann, beset by doubts, it should assist to a clarification not only of their unbelief, but of the new belief toward which they may still find a way.

STEWART BEACH.

The Week's Reading

On The Bottom. By COMMANDER EDWARD ELLSBERG: Dodd, Mead. $3. Published May 3.

I Like Diving. By TOM EADIE: Houghton Mifflin. $3.50. Published April 26. Reviewed by E. M. BENSON.

THOSE WHO thought it inexcusable that the S-51 was not raised in less than eleven months will wonder, after reading these books, how in the world this one-thousand-ton derelict was ever raised at all. Commander Ellsberg (engineering expert and chief salvaging officer) and Tom Eadie (professional diver) spent almost a year of their lives coaxing the S-51 from its watery grave off Point Judith to the Navy Yard.

Mr. Ellsberg applies himself strictly to the story of the S-51. He admits that, at the time of the fatality, the navy was unprepared to raise the submarine expediently, and that their first efforts to do it were experimental and crude. He also admits, with the modesty common to actors and seamen, that he was mainly responsible for giving method to the madness of deep-sea salvaging.

This glory is not to be denied him. It is certainly true that if he had not personally devised an under-water torch to cut through steel plate and had not perfected a new method for handling deep-sea pontoons, the S-51 might still be rocking in the cradle of the deep. Although packed with the necessary technical minutiæ, "On The Bottom" can be thoroughly enjoyed by those who know nothing of the science of salvaging.

After reading Mr. Ellsberg's 320 pages there is not very much that Tom Eadie can tell you, except to give you a more accurate account of how the diver feels about his trade. His whole attitude toward the business of diving is admirably heroic and intelligent.

"I Like Diving" has the added attraction of being an autobiography, and as such is more diverting than Mr. Ellsberg's book which sticks closely to the salvaging of the S-51, so closely, in fact, that you will wish, at times, he would forget about spill-pipes, toggle pins, pelican hooks and winches, and tell you more about the subsoil of his own mind.

Cold Steel. By A. P. SHIEL: Vanguard Press. $2.50. Published April 25. THIS IS an allegory of the circles that widen from a pebble flung into water. It is a tale of hue and cry, a nightmare of flight encumbered and hampered pursuit, a movie of the Perils of a Tudor Pauline. But it is written not by the police, not by Hollywood, not by the author of evil dreams, but by a madman nursed on poetry. It is neo-romanticism; in style a collaboration of Swinburne, Wyndham Lewis, Maurice Hewlett, and a percussion instrument. The story has to do with the chase after a girl by all the dignitaries of Tudor England and half those of France, and of her saving by the sacrifice of her sister. Charac-

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The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDEVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta.* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* MARSHALL FIELD & CO., *Chicago;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL CO., *Portland, Oregon.*

Fiction

Dodsworth, by Sinclair Lewis: Harcourt, Brace. This sad and bitter story of American marriage is Lewis's best book, and must not be missed. Reviewed March 20.

Dark Hester, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick: Houghton, Mifflin. This conflict between a possessive mother and a modern daughter-in-law is described with subtle penetration in lovely prose. Reviewed March 27.

Dark Star, by Lorna Moon: Bobbs-Merrill. This melodramatic story of illegitimacy is distinguished by deft handling and fine characterization. Reviewed March 27.

The Bishop Murder Case, by S. S. Van Dine: Scribner. Philo, mathematics, chess, nursery rhymes, and lots of murders in this. Reviewed February 27.

This Strange Adventure by Mary Roberts Rinehart: Doubleday, Doran. A serious and sympathetic study of the American woman and her problems against the shifting background of the last half-century.

Non-Fiction

The Cradle of the Deep, by Joan Lowell: Simon and Schuster. These salty and "fishy" adventures are making money for the author and trouble for the sponsors. Reviewed March 13.

Henry the Eight!., by Francis Hackett: Horace Liveright. A masterly re-creation of a striking and important historical scene. Don't miss it. Reviewed April 10.

The Art of Thinking, by Abbé Dimnet: Simon and Schuster. A thoughtful Frenchman writes graciously and wisely of a lost art.

Mid-channel, by Ludwig Lewisohn: Harper. In this book the author continues his spiritual autobiography which is marked, as is all his work, by critical acumen and distinguished prose writing. Reviewed May 1.

Swords and Roses, by Joseph Hergesheimer: Knopf. Pearly prose tears shed by a romantic over a cause great enough to command more stalwart celebration. Reviewed April 10.

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terization there is none, and the dialogue is poor. We enjoyed the book; but let us give you a word of warning. Don't buy it as historical romance. Although many of its characters figure in history and its settings, in geography, it recreates no scene of this earth, recaptures no lost human essence. Read it as adventure, as poetic allegory, best of all as a literary curiosity; but not as a historical novel, for the quality of that form of art is lacking.

Mimi Bluette. By Guido da Verona. Translated by Isabel Grazebrook: Dutton. Published May 1. $2.50.

Here is a book with the true Latin touch. It is the story of a dancer and courtesan, such as a northerner would have made bitter and sentimental, with an old or a new moral attached. This highly sophisticated Italian novelist has made it ironic melodrama. The dancer, surpassingly lovely, who works her way by the usual dancer's means from cheap Roman cabaret to the pinnacle of Parisian fame and then throws away her success because she falls in love with a nameless wanderer, follows him to the ends of the earth only to find him dead and comes back to kill herself, is a typical figure of fiction. But the hand that has touched her and the characters that revolve about her into life is skilful, and gives the silken smooth finish which makes a trite plot into a delicate, touching and, at times, even poetic book.

Awake and Rehearse. By Louis Bromfield: Stokes. $2.50. Published April 15.

The stories in this volume show Mr. Bromfield's ability with character and plot, and his gift for adapting almost every manner of writing to his needs. However, there is nothing to distinguish them from the usual first-class popular magazine story, except Mr. Bromfield's familiarity with a wide variety of settings, and skilful use of them. The plots of these stories are varied, simple, and definite; and the dialogue, lively. One imagines that, a good novelist with his heart in his more ambitious work, Mr. Bromfield has written these stories to fill in his time, and as such they are acceptable entertainment. His best novels have shown him to be a moralist of a conventional type rather than a critic of any particular penetration or originality; and his poorest showed him, as do these stories, to be an experimenter in various established styles. And all young writers should be judged by their best. What time does for a writer whose work has stood its severe test, we must do for them.

(*Please Turn to Page 78*)

The Child and Race Feeling

As Discussed in a Recent Study

Race Attitudes in Children. By Bruno Lasker. Henry Holt. $4.

What Ernest Gruening has done for the general reader in his recent book on "Mexico and Its Heritage," or A. S. Eddington in his "Nature of the Physical World," this, in a wholly different field from either, has been done by Bruno Lasker in his four-hundred-page book on "Race Attitudes in Children." This is not in the least what he claims to have done. The book is officially described as a co-operative study made, under Mr. Lasker's direction, by members of The Inquiry, a National organization for the promotion of co-operative studies of problems in human relations.

In his preface the author insists upon the co-operative character of the venture, and goes so far as to say that "it is only because the conventions of the publishing trade demand it and because he happens to have directed these studies and assembled the results that he can claim authorship for this volume." For the reviewer to assert in the face of these disclaimers that we have to do here with a real book of which the unity is beyond question requires some audacity.

This pathfinding discussion of the character and origins of race attitudes and the means by which they may be modified has none of the irritating earmarks of the investigation upon which it is based. The scaffolding has been removed. There is no parade of technique. Every experienced inquirer is well aware that scaffolding is necessary for such a scholarly, painstaking research, for such a structure of sound learning; but what remains, even in quotations and foot-notes, is only what gives delight as a finished work, what belongs in a sane, balanced presentation of material which has been not only worked up, but worked through.

One who has not known Mrs. Sidonie M. Gruenberg or Professor Mary Chaplin Shute, of Mueller-Claudius, or Porteus and Babcock will hardly be satisfied after what he reads here without going to their own writings but will have, even here, a right slant on their ideas. Freud, Watson, Boas, Allport, Reuter, Carr, Koffka, and Peters could hardly ask for more discriminating references to their respective contributions to the subject of this inquiry. The reader will learn, if he does not know of them, of many important special studies like those of Negro problems in cities, the Negro in Chicago and the Negro in Detroit.

It is quite true that this introduction to the current literature of child behavior and general psychology is incidental to the main purpose of the volume. It is an excellent illustration of that "attendant learning," to use Kilpatrick's phrase, to which so much importance is attached in this investigation of the manner in which race attitudes are acquired. The inspiration of the study is the concern which teachers, parents, and others have in common in regard to the processes by which early race attitudes arise, develop and may perhaps be changed. How this concern may be guided into channels of self-education, how it may become a dynamic of remedial effort, and how it may contribute a nucleus of reliable testimony and suggestive questioning for others who may wish to take part in a similar quest are the aim of the inquiry.

A few half paragraphs explain how material was secured, correspondence developed, a preliminary outline of findings prepared, group discussions stimulated, and already published information utilized. What is called the main limitation of the study and of its main findings is clearly one of its most brilliant, even if foreseeable, results, *viz.*, that race attitudes in children do not stand by themselves, but offer an opening for the comprehension of the larger educational problem before America, and, indeed, the whole civilized world. What the attitudes in children and adolescents are—fear, the impulse to tease (cruelty), and to test their strength (combativeness), derision, ridicule, contempt, condescension, class consciousness; how these attitudes develop progressively, the liberalizing influences, and the changing responses to changing situations, are all set forth in the first of the four parts into which this book is divided; but they are set forth on the basis of concrete cases, actual experiences, the exact words of children, and of teachers and parents jotted down while observations are fresh in the memory.

Part two, although it incorporates a concise analysis of current theories of instinct, relies mainly upon personal experiences for its contribution to an understanding of how attitudes are acquired. It is as realistic, as little given to dogmatic generalization, as any other part of the study. And as valuable for

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its vast suggestion of generalization to be made from these particular incidents picked out from the work of contributors to the study and others.

Physiological differences, the absorption of adult attitudes, and institutional influences, are all examined in the light of a wealth of illustrative stories, which, like those incorporated in every other chapter, are interesting as stories, quite aside from their moral. Humor, irony, a touch of tragedy, philosophic insight, are liberally sprinkled through them. The reader at the end will share the author's own feeling at the close of the book that it is not so much of technical tasks that he thinks as of the procession of boys and girls we have met in these pages: Martha Lum, denied an education by decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, the little boy who was deprived of his white playmate, the bewildered Southern boy in the Northern school, the Jewish adolescent who grew too quickly into maturity to retain the friendship of his pals, the Chinese child "made much of" as a pet and subsequently neglected, the Mexican boy who fought himself into appreciative recognition, the Jewish and Italian gangs who could not come together on anything except to "beat up the niggers," the five-year-old in the Baltimore street car.

The third part of the book shows what intentional teaching has gone into the formation of race attitudes from school, Sunday school, playground, moving picture, reading, the stage, ceremonials, and music; and the final section deals, again with realistic moderation and candor, with practical remedies. As objectives on which general agreement may be expected the following items of educational endeavor are proposed:

1. Sensitizing the regard for justice in the dealings between individuals and groups, regardless of race. Justice is a desirable thing and should be taught to children and young people.

2. Counteracting influences that make for misinformation and misunderstanding.

3. Creating appreciation for qualities and achievements in other groups which are in harmony with the cultural values shared by all groups.

4. A general flexibility of mental responsiveness that would at least maintain an equilibrium, a state of curiosity, as between pleasant and unpleasant reaction to new experiences and impressions. This last idea, variously expressed, is the recurring note of this exceedingly satisfying book.

EDWARD T. DEVINE.

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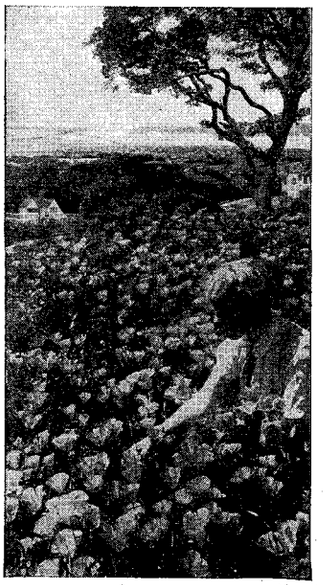

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Far away, where the broad Pacific meets the brighter blue of the sky, a lumbering freighter, bound for far distant ports under the Southern Cross, dips below the horizon, while, closer in, dainty yachts mince their way between protecting headlands. Above is the drone of a mail plane, as it slides earthward after having crossed the high Sierras where the pilot saw below him the fairest land in all these United States . . . Scenic California.

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Particularly Requesting Booklet 13

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FRANK C. CLARK, TIMES BLDG., N. Y.

The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

EXCEPT for the fact that she is presumably feminine and described as Viennese, we have a vast ignorance concerning the life, works and personality of Lili Hatvany, author of Ethel Barrymore's latest production "The Love Duel." All we have before us is the play itself as Miss Barrymore's company presents it. And judging from this alone, we are compelled to the conclusion that she is the Hungarian exponent of what we used to know as the Robert Chambers's school. It sadly dates us, of course, to refer back to those half glamourous, mostly false, wholly superficial novels of the first decade of this century. Perhaps in today's literary world some of Somerset Maugham—notably "The Sacred Flame"—typifies the same genre: emotions treated with a pretension of insight which nevertheless is merely superficial.

"The Love Duel" is precisely this. A man and a woman of mature age, both not undistinguished for their conquests of the other sex, are drawn towards each other by a strong emotion which cuts through their ordinary vanity and so dooms them to a kind of emotional duel, animated, as they are, by a mutual antagonism as strong as the attraction itself—this is the plot of Lili Hatvany's play.

True, of course. These two people fear the pain attendant upon any genuine giving of emotion; they are apprehensive before the deadly hurt which the person whom one loves can so uniquely inflict. And they are all the more aware of this danger in their relationship because of the manner in which their ego has hitherto dominated their emotions. They have conquered, not surrendered. Unwilling to love, then, they struggle against each other with all the weapons at their command, which include in their case an expert knowledge of flirtation and seduction, unattended hitherto, perhaps, by sincerity.

To be brief about it, the woman loses, because the affair results in a child—an event so manipulated by the playwright that the man doesn't know it, and the woman leaves for distant parts to bring up her child; only, of course, to be found in the end by the man and a proper conclusion consummated.

Regretfully, we say it; but we don't think it is the best kind of part for Ethel Barrymore. Of all the women on the stage, she probably has the most ability to portray a passion charged with spiritual intensity and conviction. The very essence of Ethel Barrymore's genius to us is the ability to perceive and portray the subtle and the sophisticated when it is based on intellectual insight and spiritual truth. But in her present part, she is called upon to portray the former without the aid of the latter. Moments of farce mar this comedy and climaxes of sentimental falsity suddenly cap scenes which call for truthful drama of the emotions. The result is a view of a great actress infusing a superficial play with an unwarranted air of importance. Only Ethel Barrymore could make a thoroughly interesting evening out of such a vehicle.

One is filled all over again with admiration for a voice which can whisper throughout a whole act of illness, and yet be distinctly audible in any part of the theater. Yet, the naturalness and charm of a single woman cannot completely overcome the complete superficiality of a playwright. And so a more than slight feeling of disappointment remains once the curtain has fallen. Perhaps there is a great audience which wants just such a superficial tale of the emotions and cares little for insight. And nevertheless longs to see Miss Barrymore. This group will enjoy an evening at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre thoroughly. For the others, it will still remain an entertainment better than nine-tenths of the plays on Broadway.

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"Madame X"

IF LIONEL BARRYMORE is to be lost to us as an actor—and we hope he won't be—we'll reconcile ourself only on condition that he goes on directing such noteworthy pictures as "Madame X." Although it may be unfair to Ruth Chatterton's performance to mention another factor ahead of it, we were really more impressed with the flawless detail of "Madame X" than with the star's matchless acting.

This is a strong statement because Ruth Chatterton as Madame X is to be credited with a characterization in a million. By its unaffected power she had a hard-boiled audience of first-nighters choking and sniveling at everything she did, and that should give you an idea of how good she was. But it was the generations of stage craft bottled in the breast of the eldest Barrymore that brought this talkie to the fullest fruition, and even without Ruth Chatterton it would have been good. It was one of those things that one knows is going to be good before it has been under way for five minutes. We, personally, had no preconceived opinion of what Lionel Barrymore could do as a director until we began to see and hear "Madame X." Now we state positively that we regard him as the best in the business.

"Madame X" is a tragedy. You'll weep. If you don't like to have a good cry once in a while, better stay away from it; but, on the other hand, you'll miss something as genuine, as fine, as you can hope to see if you let "Madame X" go by.

This observer has, from time to time, given vent to the thought that the talkies in general were too slow in pace, too restricted in scenic scope, and their actors were too carelessly coached in their diction before the microphone. If any one can find one of these objections as applicable to "Madame X" he's a boss caviler. It moves from France to China to the South Seas to South America to France again, and it moves plenty fast enough for us. The smallest speaking part in the picture was a perfect thing, and the technical features were astoundingly well handled.

"Madame X" was Ruth Chatterton's own personal picture, when one speaks of acting; but it would be outrageous to review it and say nothing of the work of Lewis Stone, Holmes Herbert, Ullric Haupt, and Raymond Hackett. It would be less than fair not to mention John P. Edington's brief bit as the doctor who induces Louis Floriot to go to sleep and forget his troubles.

"Madame X" is the most intelligent, original, and absorbing talking picture yet made. It shows more conclusively the possibilities of the art and it offers fewer vulnerable points for a hostile critic to shoot at.

By the same token, it provides the friends of and believers in the talking pictures something to point to with pride and pleasure. Among these forward-looking souls this department has always felt proud to count itself. The days of the apologia are drawing to a close and comes now the era of I-told-you-so, ever a pleasant period for one who has the records to back him up.

"Girls Gone Wild"

ANY ONE looking for a good silent picture is advised to see this one, the only weak point in which is its title. The picture, it's true, is about a girl gone wild, but a name like this is too closely to be associated with a vastly different type of picture, and shouldn't have been used to describe this pithy little drama.

Sue Carol, who impressed this reviewer by her work in "Skyscraper," shares honors with Nick Stuart and John Darrow, who had an equally pleasing effect on us in "The High School Hero." William Russell (now unhappily deceased) has a part, too. So has Roy D'Arcy.

The story is of a girl who goes—against the advice of her boy friends—to a bootlegger's ball. She has met the bootlegger in her father's house, so she can't see what could be wrong about it. What happens to her is plenty and makes a picture that will provide you with ninety minutes of thrills and smiles. It may also set you to thinking a bit about the Eighteenth Amendment.

We Recommend

The Trial of Mary Dugan: This department's favorite talkie at this writing.

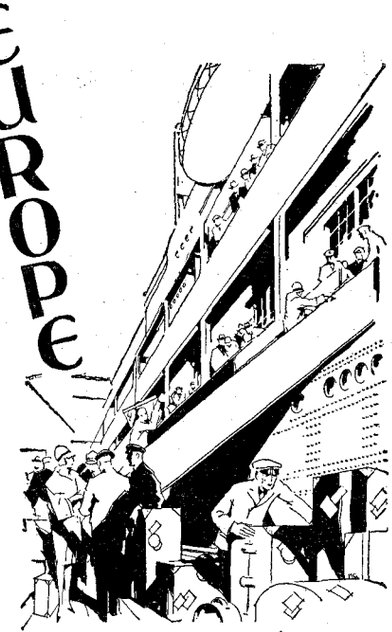
Coquette: MARY PICKFORD should be seen and MARY PICKFORD should be heard.

The Iron Mask: MARY PICKFORD'S husband is good, too. Better, in fact, than ever.

The Broadway Melody: There's nothing else quite like this talking, singing, dancing, panoramic show. See it.

The Divine Lady: Lovers of the silent drama can do no better. FRANK LLOYD directed and did it superbly.

The Letter: The best acting on Broadway. JEANNE EAGLES, O. P. HEGGIE, HERBERT MARSHALL AND REGINALD OWEN.



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By W. R. BROOKS

WHAT with Book of the Month Clubs, Detective Story, Religious and Children's Book Clubs, and Literary Guilds, the necessity for possessing any discrimination or taste in selecting our reading has been removed. Dumb or intelligent, high, low or middle brow, our minds are all nourished on the same literary food—and that of the best, as the advertisements assure us. Our reading is becoming as standardized as our breakfast foods, our tooth brushes and our cigarettes. Soon we shall no more dare confess to having read some obscure and unsponsored novel than to wear brown shoes with a dinner coat. And now comes the Limited Editions Club, which will simplify life for the book collector. No more poring over catalogues and bidding at auctions; all he has to do is enroll as one of the fifteen hundred members, thus subscribing for twelve books in advance—to be paid for at ten dollars per vol. on delivery—and he is a full-fledged collector, quite painlessly, and with all the collector's expectation of enhanced values, since, as the advertisement states, "naturally, whatever copies get into the book market are pretty certain to go up in value."

"THE WEEKLY NEWS" is a magazine for the blind, published in Boston, supported by voluntary contributions, and distributed free to its readers. It is printed in Braille, and its staff consists almost entirely of blind people. It was founded with the purpose of supplying blind people with a resumé of the news which is unprejudiced and up-to-date, and we believe our readers will be interested in knowing that in furtherance of this purpose it reprints each week the Trend of Events from the Outlook and Independent.

WE SAW at Macy's a number of swell plant stands, and one in particular which we liked a great deal—in spite of the fact that it unluckily holds thirteen pots—is designed to go against a wall in a garden or porch, and is in the shape of a tree—one of those small trees which are sometimes trained against a wall—espaliers, gardeners call them. We had some difficulty in finding that word for you. We knew there was a special term for that kind of tree, and we inquired of two editors who just looked down their noses at us and said there wasn't any such thing. That didn't shake us as much as it would have earlier in our career, since we have found that sometimes even editors don't know, although of course they have to pretend to be infallible, and so we just somehow evolved the word "espalier" out of our inner consciousness, and having to our amazement found a dictionary in the office, we looked up the word and there it was. Pretty clever of us, we think. We'd be cleverer oftener if we got paid extra for it. (advt.)

EXPELLO is a crystal which vaporizes and asphyxiates moths and their larvæ. It comes in two forms: a perforated can which you hang up high in your closet so that the fumes—which descend—work through such clothing as may hang there; and a can of small gauze bags containing the crystals, which you can put in trunks, bureau drawers and so on, much to the annoyance, we understand, of the moths.

THE VEX AUTOMATIC FERTILIZER is a device which allows you to fertilize your lawn as you sprinkle it. It consists of a brass cylinder with two attachments, one for the faucet, the other for your lawn hose. In the cylinder you place a cartridge of Lawn-Vex plant food, then sprinkle for forty minutes and the job is done.

We have seen for the garden a decorative garden faucet of solid bronze—either bright gold bronze or Pompeian green bronze—eight inches high, seven wide and weighing four pounds, which, says the maker, "catches the sunlight and gleams among the fountains and foliage."

Also for the garden, good looking French pewter watering cans with large copper nozzles, holding 2½ gallons, well balanced and unusual in shape.

And if the caterpillars sport about in the foliage over your head and drop occasionally down your neck or into your cup when you're having tea on the terrace, there's a caterpillar torch consisting of an asbestos ball in a wire cage at the end of a 12-foot extension wooden handle which ought to do wholesale murder upon the pests. You soak the ball in kerosene, light it and then—well, it's sort of a horrible procedure after that. After all, even the caterpillar is one of God's creatures.

DO YOU KNOW of the prepared chamois which wrung out in clear, lukewarm water will clean and polish at the same time?

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Neighbors

THERE arrived in this land not long ago a poor laboring man who thought little and hoped much. He hoped first and earnestly for a good wife, happy children, and a home in the country. These hopes would naturally include animals. How could a family subsist without animals? How could a home in the country continue?

As time went on his wife and his children were all that he could wish. But to provide a home in the country where the six of them might live and breathe good air—that was not so easy. Before attempting a move to the country one must have a stock of animals. The laborer found that he must work and save a little harder in order to acquire his animals. He would begin with chickens. They would be like pets to his children until the move.

As the weeks went by his home became fuller of chickens. But before moving to the country it would be necessary to have a still larger stock of animals. After thinking very seriously and counting over again his hoard of savings he decided to buy a pig.

At home the pig was greeted with joy. It was a fine healthy pig, fat and pleasure-loving, and the children were delighted. His wife would stand up flushed and anxious from her baking—her glance would fall upon the newcomer and smile and soften in admiration. The friendly pig was beloved and one of them. Yes, it had been a good investment! Imagine then, the joy and pride of the laborer's family when one day the pig presented them with a grunting, snuzzling litter of little pigs. Yes, it was a very happy family indeed. The chickens perched on the backs of the chairs, investigated the cracks in the floor, and laid their eggs in unexpectedly handy places. At meal times the little pigs jostled and pushed each other as clamorously as the children. But by that time there was scarcely room for the human family to breathe. So the laborer began to count his savings and tramp the country roads in search of his promised home.

One holiday he found himself by chance in a countryside too beautiful to be believed. Over head the trees leaned together making a cobbled roof of sunlight for the glorified lane. The meadows here were lawns, close-clipped and shadowed by great shrubs and shining trees. The houses stood like living palaces, and each palace seemed to be looking at something beyond. The laborer looked with them, and saw the lake. It was unbelievable!

The laborer moved on slowly down the lane taking deep breaths of the clear autumn air. He could not live in this country; this was the land of the rich. But he might look and enjoy it, now that he had stumbled here.

And then at the foot of the land he turned, and saw his home. Unbelievable! The ground about it was unkempt and wild. The trees and long grass leaned toward him in appeal. The house—remembering the palaces he hesitated; was it a house? That bleak ghost of a home? But he could make it come alive! He pushed his way slowly through the disconsolate tangle until he reached the sagging door. He laid his hand upon it and smiled.

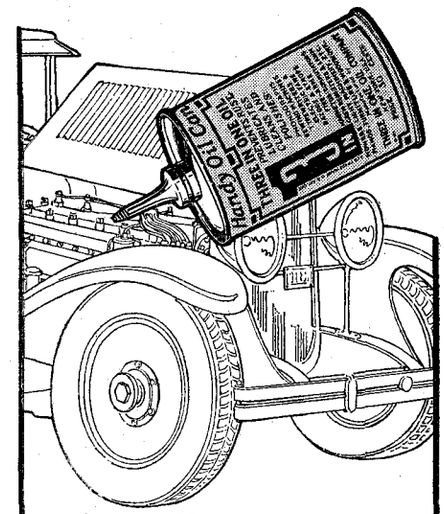
AS WINTER began slowly to set in the laborer's family moved out to the country. There were more of them than ever before. The chickens had increased and there had been a second litter of little pigs. But still there were not enough animals with which to begin life in the country. Any one with an eye to a hard winter would know that it would be necessary to have a cow. At the last moment, his heart choking him, he bought a cow.

In every hour that he could call his own the laborer mended and propped and bolstered his house. Pane by pane he restored the broken windows. Shingle by shingle he strengthened the falling roof. Then he gave his attention to the inside of the house. The beauty—the space—the coziness! Now he could divide the house and give the animals half. He and his family would still have room to spare.

So presently a door divided the human family from their cherished animals. But when this was open the children could see their darling little pigs snuggled down in warm beds of hay. Beyond them the placid cow stood happily chewing her cud and gazing through the window. The chickens squatted busily in nests of their own making. Warm milk and fresh eggs and all out of doors for a play ground! The children were as happy as the animals.

No one called at the house in the country until late winter. Then a nice looking gentleman came to pay them a visit. He was a doctor and the neigh-

(*Please Turn to Page 80*)



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for

Volume 151, Jan. 2—April 24, 1929

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Beethoven: A Biography

(*Continued from Page 67*)

thoven once remarked: "My kingdom is in the air;" and that Hans von Bülow, the enthusiast, called him "The Saviour of Music."

But, unlike Jesus, he was inclined to recommend a democratic code to others, while himself observing an aristocratic one. Czerny recalled that Anton Halm "once brought him a sonata he had composed. When Beethoven pointed out certain errors, Halm retorted that the Master also allowed himself many violations of the rules. 'I may do it, but not you,' was the answer."

EARLY in May 1804, Beethoven left his own apartment and went to live with his boyhood's friend, Stephen von Breuning. Almost at once he came down with a serious illness which left behind it an obstinate intermittent fever. His friend nursed him devotedly. Finding that he still had to pay rent for his abandoned lodging, Beethoven blamed von Breuning for not having given the necessary notice, quarreled with his customary violence, and left in high dudgeon.

Some months later the young men met by accident and made things up. The composer sent his friend the ivory miniature of himself by Hornemann . . . and a sheet of good words: "Behind this picture, my dear Steffen, let us hide forever, all that for a while passed between us. I know that I have torn your heart. For that deed, the feelings within me, which you must have noticed, have punished me sufficiently. It was not wickedness that I felt towards you. No, if it were that, I should never again be worthy of your friendship—passion on both sides; but mistrust of you rose in me; and there came between us men unworthy of us . . . Forgive me if I have wounded you; I suffered no less. When I saw you no longer near me, for the first time I vividly felt how dear to my heart you are and always will be. Surely you will once more fly to my arms as in past days."

Von Breuning showed himself a true sportsman. On November 13, 1804, he wrote uncomplainingly to their common friend Wegeler, without a word about the quarrel:

"The friend of my youth here, is often largely responsible for my being forced to neglect the absent. You wouldn't believe, dear Wegeler, what an indescribable, I might say fearful effect the gradual loss of hearing has had on him. Picture to yourself how unhappiness must affect one of his violent temperament; in addition to his reserve and suspicion, often towards his best friends, and in many matters the inability to make up his mind! Most of the time, with only a few exceptions when he spontaneously gives vent to his original feelings,—association with him is a real exertion, at which one can scarcely trust oneself—Anxiety and the care of him have used me rather severely. Now he is quite well again."

Beethoven immensely enjoyed shocking the musical scribes and pharisees. Hearing of their consternation and rage over such revolutionary phenomena as the dissonant opening of the First symphony, and the discordant battle-like climax in the development of the "Eroica," he rubbed his hands together in high glee and exclaimed: "Yes, yes, they marvel and put their heads together and peer into all the books. But they'll not find these things in any school of thoroughbass!"

Their state of mind tickled his impish love of practical jokes. He was forever playing them on friend and foe alike, and even on the interpreters of his works. At the very end of the development in the "Eroica," he made the French horn begin the Hero theme in the tonic against a dominant seventh chord sketched in tremolo by the violins. Of course, until ears began to be modernized in preparation for our own enlightened age, this passage always sounded as though the unfortunate hornist had made a false entry. (Though when at the rehearsal the rash Ries thought so and said so, he barely escaped a box on the ear.)

And there is another apparently innocent passage, in the 175th measure of the *scherzo*, which Beethoven made so diabolically difficult for the second horn that the hapless manipulator of that ticklish instrument has seldom announced it, to this day, without a disastrous quack.

At Prince Lobkowitz's, the celebrated oboeist Ramm once took part in a private performance of the "Eroica" under the baton of its creator. Now composers are notoriously poor executants and conductors. Though Beethoven was a splendid pianist before he became too deaf, he was a less efficient leader. Spohr related that it was the Master's custom "to indicate expression to the orchestra by all sorts of curious bodily movements. At *piano* he crouched down lower and lower, according to the degree of softness he desired. At a *crescendo* he gradually rose again, and at the entrance of the *forte* jumped into the air. Sometimes too he unconsciously shouted to strengthen the *forte*."[1]

These acrobatics must have interfered with the effect intended. For at the "Eroica" performance, during the savagely syncopated climax of the development (the part which represented to Lenz the thirty-two dagger thrusts), Beethoven got out, and threw the orchestra into such confusion that he had to stop, and try back.

Perhaps Ramm may have been so indiscreet as to smile. Perhaps the Master saw the smile, and meditated revenge. At any rate, in the "Notizen" Disciple Ries relates that "on the same evening he played his Quintet for Pianoforte and Wind Instruments with Ramm as oboeist. In the last allegro there are several holds before the theme is resumed. At one of these Beethoven suddenly began to improvise, took the Rondo for a theme and entertained himself and the others for a good while,—but not the other players. They were displeased and Ramm even very angry. It was really very ludicrous to see them, expecting the performance to be resumed any moment, putting their instruments to their lips, only to take them down again. At last Beethoven was satisfied and dropped into the *rondo*. The whole company was in transports of delight."

Like many absolute musicians, Beethoven was not over-fond of singers. He was extraordinarily pleased when he could play a practical joke on one of them. As boy accompanist at the Court of Bonn, he had once earned from the Elector a smiling reprimand for having, with a fantastic improvisation on the piano, thrown out a conceited tenor who plumed himself on being able to hold any note, no matter what antics his young friend should cut. But Ludwig had done it fairly, with the singer's permission, and while conscientiously strumming the proper cue with the little finger of his right hand.

In 1805, Mozart's egotistic brother-in-law, Sebastian Meier, sang the rôle of Pizarro in "Fidelio." Beethoven decided to take him down a peg. At the place where Pizarro significantly declaimed:

> Soon will his blood be flowing,
> Soon will the poor worm writhe,

Beethoven wrote a trick passage, making the strings play in unison an *ap-*

1. *Manuscript note by the late Oscar G. Sonneck*: "What Beethoven did you can see done by any competent conductor-technician today. In Beethoven's time that sort of thing was new, and violated custom. The musicians were not used to it, and Beethoven, not having enough practice to get absolute mastery, would upset the apple-cart at a critical point. However, I have a suspicion that, as an *interpretative conductor*, Beethoven was much better than his contemporaries realized."

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poggiatura of a minor second below each note the singer uttered,

an effect which the fiddlers mischievously overemphasized. This tied Mozart's relative up hand and foot in his own vocal chords. Foaming with rage, he shrieked at the composer: "My brother-in-law would never have written any such damned nonsense!"

Beethoven, however, was a poor sportsman. Whenever the shoe was on the other foot, he grew furious. His law about practical joking was the one that he had laid down for Halm about breaking grammatical rules: "I may do it, but not you."[1]

One day Ries happened in just as the so-called *"Andante Favori"* was finished. Beethoven played it to him a couple of times. The young disciple had such an excellent memory that on his way home he stopped in at the Lichnowsky palace, and reproduced the piece, out of his head, to the Prince. Next day the latter called on Beethoven, and jocularly remarked: "Just hear what I have composed. It's not bad." "I don't want to hear it," was the blunt answer.

But the Prince, not to be denied, rattled off parts of the *"Andanti Favori."* Beethoven was beside himself. When he learned what Ries had done, he vowed never to play for him again. And despite Lichnowsky's most diplomatic entreaties he kept his vow.

(*To Be Continued*)

1. The only practical joke which he allowed people to play on him was a re-current one of which he was wholly unaware. When his clothes had reached a certain point of disreputability, his friends would creep into his bedroom and substitute for them a brand-new outfit. In the morning Beethoven put them on, and never noticed anything unusual.

Emotional America

(*Continued from Page 49*)

psychological examination, and an inquiry is also made into his home life, his health and any other conditions which might have a bearing on his emotional attitude toward the world, and hence on his efficiency. Timid girls who have not been successful as saleswomen sometimes prove very able in clerical positions, where there is no necessity for constantly keying themselves up to new contacts. Perhaps, as actually happened in one case, the employee is a girl who is showing marked inefficiency in a very simple task, such as wrapping or pasting labels. An examination reveals that she has a much higher intelligence than her work demands, and because the work is excessively boring to her, she does it badly; transferred into a higher position which uses her full powers, she is happy and becomes an excellent workman. Much of the discontent in industry and business today is because machine efficiency has squeezed the emotion from so many jobs. There was pride and joy in making a well-turned shoe by hand; there can be neither in watching a machine stamp out soles and work buttonholes.

IF THE DESCRIPTIONS which trickle back to us of the Soviet régime in Russia are correct, the theorists who control the Russian Government seem to believe that they can build a workman's Utopia based almost entirely on reason, in which every loyal Communist will always be willing to labor and live in poverty for the good of the state. The Soviet has endeavored to stamp out the force of religious emotion, always a great factor in every civilization, by fighting the churches and doing away, wherever possible, with religious observances—except the worship of Lenin, which has almost reached the status of a religion. The authorities realize, however, that passion, the strongest emotion of all, cannot be denied, but they have endeavored to array it on the side of the state by allowing it almost unlimited legal freedom of expression. What allowance have they made for greed, personal ambition, and that pride which makes a man want to hand on to his children something better, in a material sense, than he has known? These may not be very worthy emotions, but they are deep rooted. If the Soviet régime ultimately crumbles, or is so modified that it takes on the complexion of other civilizations which it now scorns, the fundamental reason for its failure will probably be that it has the weakness of all theoretical Utopias—it has made the mistake of believing that the intellect is stronger than the emotions—that men look upon life, government and society in the reasoned manner of the philosopher or statesman who has developed definite theories to order his point of view toward the state and life in general.

Not so in America; here the battle of life goes on with a lusty furore which brings gasps of amazement from cynical and jaded Europe. They see us contantly on the move—dashing over great spaces, putting up big buildings, tearing them down, harnessing mighty rivers, breaking speed records, making laws and then defying them with machine guns, putting back the clock so that we will have more time to work and play and love. We are restless, eager, always on the wing, living in a National cacophony of jazz. All this *motion* creates *emotion*, and that emotion, in turn, whets our appetite for more.

The emotionalism of America has been attributed to many causes. Count Keyserling says we are dominated by our women, generally accounted the more emotional sex. It seems more probable that the principal reason is our vigor, our youth, our National adolescence, for adolescence is a time when emotions are in the saddle and their grip is on the reins. Whatever the reason, the fact is one to be taken into consideration in any picture or judgment of American life. It is one of the keys to our National character. But though, like individual youth, we are so often controlled by emotion, we differ from individual youth, in this respect: we have wisdom enough to realize the fact and often to use it to our advantage; emotion is almost a religion with us, but we have made it a very practical religion.

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Speaking of Books

(*Continued from Page 70*)

When Love Comes to a Woman. By LEAH MORTON: Sears. Published April 27. $2.50.

THIS STORY of the rebellion of youth as seen by a middle-aged woman of wide experience and sympathies is made dramatic rather by the intensity of the author's personal emotion than by anything inherent in the plot, which is largely concerned with such typical manifestations as extra-marital relations, eugenic babies, social work, psychiatry, and so on. As in most thematic novels, the characters are types. The book is competently written, humorless, touching, and desperately sincere. But it is heavy reading.

Patricia Lacked a Lover. By JOHN NORTH: Duffield. Published May 1. $2.

SHE LACKED a lover and had a husband; an obvious introduction to problems or monkey-shines. Bored with life after her husband, Robin, began to find his business more interesting than his wife, the lady ran away to embark on a career. Through friends, a most amusing couple, she met a financier and his unique secretary. The career threatened to take an old, familiar turn. But Robin arrived in time to rescue his wife and make his fortune. This is gay comedy, with diverting dialogue and situations.

All the Brave Rifles. By CLARKE VENABLE: Reilly and Lee. Published May 1. $2.

ALLOWING for a little heaviness in style, this is a pretty good historical novel. The swift action takes place in the days of Houston, Austin, Crockett, and Bowie. The scene shifts from the Texas frontier to Washington and back, and includes the Mexican War. The characterizations are excellent, the dialogue, realistic, and there is a well-managed love-story. But, as in most historical novels from pens not expert, facts tend to weigh down fiction.

Mad Fingers. By HILDEGARDE HUNTSMAN: Houghton, Mifflin. Published April 30. $2.50.

THE TITLE of this book is unfortunately deceptive except to those familiar with Yeats's poetry. This is a promising first novel. It follows the old, solid tradition, a good thing to find in the work of young writers who, when they have shown their paces on the old road, are more likely to command attention when they venture into interesting by-ways. Miss Huntsman's characterizations are mature, and her book gives no indication of having exhausted either her material or her inspiration. She tells very well the story of Anne Clayton, the one "sensible" member of the charming but hectic household of Andrew Clayton, a painter, and Fay, his wife and best model. The fun and the nuisance of Bohemian life are equally well handled. The warfare between the Claytons and the conventions is delicious. The characters of Anne and her father are soundly conceived and well developed. Clayton is the egotistical but loyal genius; Anne, the woman framed for sacrifice, who had to learn young to "be secret and exult."

A Tiny Seed of Love. By SARAH SALT: Payson & Clarke. $2.50. Published April 27. Reviewed by E. M. BENSON.

WITH THE passing of Katherine Mansfield, there are astonishingly few women writing in England today who can handle the *genre* short story with the psychological piquancy and the technical expertness of Sarah Salt. No one of the eight stories included in this volume is more vivid, or more remarkable for breadth of perception, than any other.

In each of them the authoress reaches down tenderly and sympathetically into the shadowy, tormented mind of an actress, a bank clerk, an artist, a harlot, a neurotic mother, or a spiritually starved wife, and brings forth gems of the highest penetrative refraction. She is whimsical, beautiful, ironic, sad, simple, and wise. She does more by working in pastel than most writers who use oils.

Thurman Lucas. By HARLAN EUGENE READ: Macmillan. $2.

THE AUTHOR has heightened the reality of this story of an ignorant Mississippi Samson, the hunted victim of legalized corruption, by giving his style the inexorable direction and lucidity of a lawyer's brief. The first part of the book is written with appalling force and the reader accepts it as truth. But the roseate *finale* is Algerized melodrama, and mutilates what might have been a very good story.

Rain Before Seven. By JESSIE DOUGLAS FOX: Payson & Clarke. Published May 4. $2.

"RAIN BEFORE SEVEN, clear by eleven." But we see no sign of clearing for the characters left alive at the end of this rather juvenile book. The author shows considerable talent for prose expression, but little for characterization. Her conception is immature and no breath of humor flutters her pages. "Rain Before Seven" is a story of the havoc wrought by a youthful siren in dear knows how many lives. This young lady leaves tragedy in her wake so rapidly and so consistently that, when the last intolerable and senseless one occurs, we have nothing left to say but "pop, there goes another nickel." Its simplicity and sincerity are the best things about the book.

Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Sherwood Anderson's Hello Towns Doubleday, Doran

In this book, made up of pieces reprinted from the country newspapers of which he is owner, Mr. Anderson has "tried to give people a picture of the moving life of a town—lifted right out of reality—the changing seasons, the events of the country court, the street, —the comedies and tragedies of a year in a small town's life. I hope it may give people such a picture of that life as they have not had." And such a picture it does give—but not as your or our eyes would see it. It is definitely one man's view. And if you yourself know such small towns, well, you can get from the book such a picture of Mr. Anderson as you would not otherwise have. It works both ways. There is a conscious *naïveté about much of the book that is* sometimes effective, sometimes rather painful, because it seems false.

Cyril Hume's A Dish for the Gods Doubleday, Doran

Oh, well, you know, this seemed awfully long to us. There is so much of it! Aline's husband dies, and as soon as he's buried we go back and learn all about Aline's childhood, and all about her father and mother, and then she grows up and gets married, and just as we get to the point where her husband is going to die again and we can get on with the story, back we go to learn all about *his* parents, and it isn't until we reach page 239 that he and the past get safely buried again and we're up to where we were when we started at page 1. But almost immediately Aline gets herself a lover, and there's all his past to catch up with, and what with the intrusion of the author into the story—thank heaven he doesn't insist on very much of *his* past history—and the history of the lover's best friend, it takes Aline an awfully long time to disintegrate morally. Because that's what the story's about—her disintegration. And we got awfully impatient waiting for it, even though much of the time was filled with rather good writing.

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COPY *for May 22 issue due on or before May 10. Phone Stuyvesant 7874 . . or write*
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CLASSIFIED SECTION *(Continued)*

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Little "Ads"

The Outlook and Independent Classified columns are carefully guarded and closely read. The circulation of The Outlook and Independent is world-wide.

Its "Wants" Will Fill Yours

As the Filipino Sees It

(Continued from Page 53)

Truth is, perhaps—or is this not near the truth?—that Americans as a nation do not like Filipinos. In the Oriental the American perceives a subtlety which is not his; a capacity for taking pains that achieves works of genius which astound him; an individual who works for something more than the day's pay, in itself inadequate; a philosophic patience, with life and the events thereof, which is exasperating. There are, of course, Americans who understand the Oriental and appreciate him, but as a nation we do not understand him. He has traits which we do not tolerate. And anyway, we have set out in recent years to exalt our own civilization and keep it unspotted from the world.

Now, to this vigorous nationalism not the least objection is raised in Manila. Filipinos feel that Americans *feel* that way, that after all it is their affair, a domestic affair, and therefore they should follow their own judgment. Filipinos merely say, "Well, if we are to be taxed, we ask the privilege of taxing in return. If we are to be excluded, let us exclude too. As you do it to us, let us do it to you. Let us have autonomy while you will it that way, and independence when you will it that way. Only don't be unjust, McKinley told us you would never be unjust. His words are our assurance."

Numerous as the unfair proposals are, Philippine faith in America is not yet shaken, that is, deeply, profoundly, emotionally. It is only anxious and perturbed. It relies upon President Hoover. It is regrettable that some men feel the Philippine leadership can be frightened into abandoning its stand for independence. That is the alternative to which the Islands were compelled to turn, and where they must remain until accorded a status assuring their future within the empire of the United States and the scope of its free commerce. The only other alternative, submission to the will of Congress no matter what it is, would be tantamount to voluntary slavery.

Thirty years of the McKinley policy have by no means made the Islands' inhabitants so craven. They understand the differences between themselves and us. They are willing, rather resigned, to be told to go, though they were always heretofore invited to stay; and they love freedom just as we do.

Why is it, a considerable portion of the American people join the Filipinos in asking, that myopia is such a common congressional affliction?

From the Life

(Continued from Page 75)

bors had asked him to call. That was very kind. He asked if he might see the house, and the laborer was proud. Did the doctor remember what the house looked like before? Yes, the doctor remembered. No one in the neighborhood had liked to walk past that piece of ground. Now see what had been done!

The doctor saw and nodded. It was wonderful. The house had been improved, the ground had been cleared up. But they had asked him—those who had sent him to call—to explain that animals and people do not live together.

The laborer threw back his head and laughed. But see! He showed the doctor how much pleasanter it is. The doctor shook his head. It was necessary to explain further. For, if the laborer would not move his animals outside where they belonged, he must himself move back from where he came. The law would see to it. When it was made quite clear, the man who had found his home struggled slowly with his anger. His wife, who had forgotten her baking in the excitement of this visit, stepped close to him and spoke.

"Do not move a hand," said his wife. "do not move a foot, and I beside you will not move either. This is our home."

The laborer choked back his anger and walked out of doors for air. They loved him then, those neighbors, not so well as he loved his animals. They wished him not so near as he would have his animals. He must be like them and push dumb creatures out into the cold, or must himself be pushed from out his home. If he were independent he would disobey. His wife had urged him to be independent.

"Go back," he shouted to the waiting doctor, "go back and say the animals will not budge."

All through the night he thought it over. All through the next day he remembered his work. He remembered his hard life that had looked always for this home. It had come to this then. He must lose his home or be treacherous to his animals.

With his heart burning hot within him and his head hanging low for shame the laborer walked up and down his ground that evening. Here then at this spot he could drive a stake, and there another. A few boards nailed across— He raised his head in sudden anguish and shook a fist up at the stars. For the winter would be colder still. And God in heaven! what a way for a man to treat his animals.

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